TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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Around Town.

On Saturday I watched the enormous procession commemorative of the victory of King William at the Boyne. As I said a couple of weeks ago, I have no objection to uniformed societies, indeed, I hold them as serving a useful purpose. I have always been impressed by the fact that it is unfortunate that in this new country we should import the feuds which found their origin centuries ago in lands thousands of miles away. But when we see the French-Canadians in Quebec and the hierarchy in Ontario struggling for a place which can be theirs only by the power of diplomacy and aggression, we must admit that the Orange and kindred bodies have a place—it is to be hoped they will fill it—to counteract the machinations of those who desire ecclesiastical privilege by state establishment. I cannot say that I imagine it to be a pleasant office to tramp through the streets behind a band or bear aloft a banner, yet I admire the men who care so much for principle that at least one day in the year they are glad to turn out and show their colors. They have no opportunity of declaring themselves except in a procession, they have no other method of publicly entering their protest, and that they are willing to do so is to their credit. I cannot say that I applaud the appearance in such a procession of men who have the greatest possible facilities for placing themselves before the public in a more dignified and permanent manner. It seems to me demagoguery when men who have a daily vehicle of expression "walk" in processior. I don't consider it a compliment to the balance of such a procession that a few men who have other opportunities of making known their views should "walk" in order to encourage others. Encouragement of that sort seems of a paternal and patronizing sort. For instance, when we see the proprietor of the *Telegram* trudging along year after year it strikes us as funny when he has an opportunity upon every lawful day of editorially marching in procession and declaring his views. Then again it has a spice of absurdity when the mayor of the city, who is the chief magistrate of Roman Catholic and Protestant alike, takes part in a party procession. It may be a proof of his democratic instincts, but it is no evidence of that large dignity which recognizes that a great office requires a line of conduct unobjectionable, on sectarian grounds, to every faction within his jurisdiction. Sir John Macdonald, I am told, is an Orangeman, but as Premier of Canada, would it increase our respect for him—for his office, for his judgment, if he joined in such a procession? All parties have their uses. All organizations tend to modify or preserve some feature of the government, but while we welcome the sincerity and zeal which produce parties of this sort and put on record annual protests such as are necessary, we must admit that there is a section, an official section of the community, which should take no part in them because they are the ones who govern, and to them and to influence them the protests and displays are made. When we see official people taking part in these movements personal or partisan purposes are suspected, and it lowers those persons in our estimation, for no mind seems too broad to harbor such suspicions, and it begets the fear that the usefulness of the movement itself is being impaired by its application to partisan ends.

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The banquet given to General Middleton on Tuesday night demonstrated how much sympathy can be excited for a "good fellow" who has done a wrong thing and is overwhelmed by the disgrace of his folly or cupidity. If "Rolly" Moffatt, who is now working in a select position in the penitentiary, or any half-dozen of the leading spirits who have within the last few years been overtaken by the consequences of forgetting the exact difference between *meum* and *tuum*, were to have escaped the clutches of the law and been merely condemned by a parliamentary committee, they would have had quite as large and possibly as respectable a banquet organized for them as was gotten up for General Middleton, had they occupied as high a social position. It has never been proved at all that the president, managers or directors of the Central Bank profited by their mal-administration of its affairs, yet they have been most severely punished financially, some of them expatriated. Now I can't see why a man like Gen. Middleton, "whose heart," as some of the speakers said, "is in the right place," should receive the sympathy which is denied unto others, unless it can be shown that the temptation which came to him was more sudden and overpowering than that which has led others astray. As I have frequently pointed out Gen. Middleton was free from the temptation of present poverty or the possibility of a penniless old age. Prof. Goldwin Smith, who spoke at the banquet, referred to the general as having "fallen among hostile politicians." It is rubbish to talk about an honest man being convicted of having unlawfully confiscated the furs of a helpless half-breed owing to the influence of "hostile politicians." The trouble with a man who does that is cupidity, a desire for something which, according to the old song, "isn't his'n." No man of mature years, vast experience and a knowledge of men such as was not possessed by his alleged tempters can be excused on the ground of not knowing the country. The law against stealing is not peculiar to this country, and its breach is not a characteristic of Canada only.

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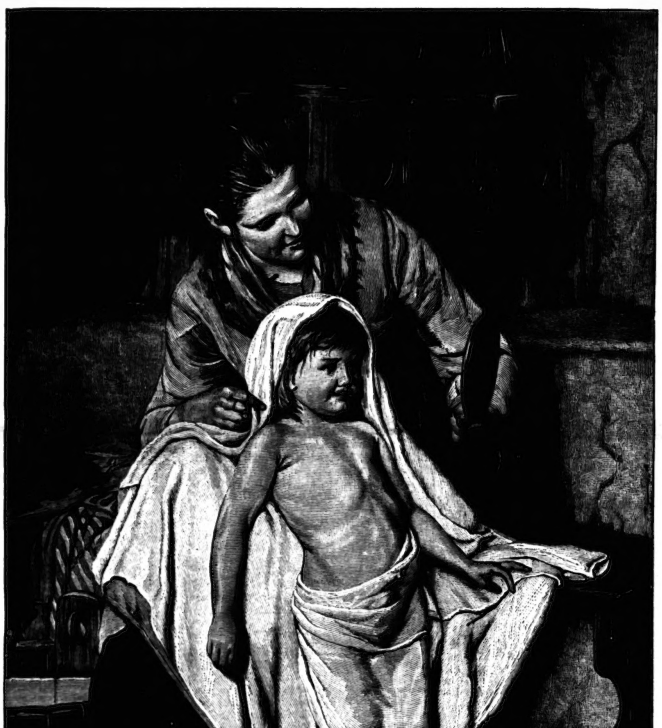
If I were to excuse any one of the many who have fallen within the last few years because of moral weakness, within the limits of our Dominion, I should certainly not select General Middleton, but some young man who, lured from rectitude by dissipation or led into crime by sudden temptation, at the moment of detection confessed his guilt, and, like a man, endeavored to make restitution. Have we not seen young men whose "hearts were in the right place," taken to penitentiary from this very town who pleaded guilty and offered to make restitution. Why, then, should a man who was neither young nor inexperienced, who was not surrounded by temptation nor forced into wickedness by a wave of misadventure, be banqueted after having been convicted of wrong-doing, when his guilt was not rendered less odious by an offer of restitution? I have seen more than one young man, whose offence was not a displacement of



AFTER THE BATH.

the "heart," hustled to the station in a patrol wagon and disgraced before his fellow citizens before his guilt had been proven, yet these gentlemen who banqueted Gen. Middleton, doubtless all "good fellows," have never taken the trouble to sign a petition to have a hood put on the van. Why then are they led into this exuberance of sympathy? Is it not because of the position and social standing of the man who has been disgraced, because—speak of it in what terms we may—Gen. Middleton has been sent from Canada a disgraced man.

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It is utterly futile to argue that General Middleton was the victim of political animosity. In his speech the other night he referred to the fact that he was married to a Canadian lady, and had intended to make Canada his home but had been driven away by persecutors. He having spoken of this fact makes it a public matter, and I may be permitted, without infringing upon the domestic privacy of the general, to remark that he was long protected from the consequences of what his friends chose to call a "mistake" by the very fact that he was married to a Canadian lady. As it happens she was a French-Canadian lady and the animosity which would have been excited against the general and the peremptory justice which would have been meted out to him had it not been for his matrimonial alliance, were stayed for many years. The fight in the North-West was against the French Canadian half-breeds, and had not the influence of his wife's family screened the general from the vengeance of her compatriots, we might have believed him the victim of Quebec hostility. That such was not the case, that five years were allowed to pass, that the bitterness resulting from the rebellion had, in fact, almost died away before the parliamentary committee was constituted, proves to every honest mind that General Middleton was protected by the Dominion Government, by the military authorities and by those of social position until it was impossible to further save him from the consequences of his own act. During these five years the matter was continuously agitated. When the volunteers who live in Toronto came home the fur business was even then a public scandal, yet at this late hour, we are shown how much the *esprit de corp* of militarism will do to protect a man from the disgrace brought upon him by no one but himself. I do not deny that I admire the good-fellowship of the company of gentlemen who, overcome by their sympathy, banqueted a jolly old fellow like Middleton, and tried to take the wire edge off his grief. It is human, and every one admires the honest expression of human sympathy. When a man is wrong and his friends stick to him their friendship is worth more to him than ever before, and it fills his heart with tenderness towards them. Yet have I—have others who are supposed to give expression to public opinion—a right to whitewash wrong-doers because their "heart is in the right place," thought their acts have been of the wrong sort? It is nothing to me that General Middleton was not born in this country; that hasn't been the cause of animosity towards him. The native Canadian is not a prosecutor, he is not narrow-minded nor vindictive, at least not in this province. I am glad that General Middleton was cautious and was neither killed himself nor brought death to more volunteers than were slain in the North-West. Whatever caution and skill he possesses are a part of his stock in trade, as what caution and skill I possess are a part of my business equipment, and no one would ever think of urging them in my defence were I to break a bank or burglarize a fur store.

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I am most surprised at the *Telegram*, which is not only posing as the embodiment of honesty but is the implacable enemy of those social offenders whose friends endeavor to cover their wrong-doing with the mantle of goodfellowship. The *Telegram* refers to Sir Fred Middleton as "a brave soldier and an honest man," to his confiscation of the furs of a helpless half-breed as "a fault committed in haste" and deplores "the ruin of a character that their victim had been a lifetime in building up." When we see this same paper laying the lash on the backs of citizens who never stole a dollar, who cannot be convicted of any fault which was not committed in haste, when we see this same paper "tainting characters which their victims have spent a lifetime in building up," it is quite proper to inquire what makes the difference. Because a man is a K.C.B., or K.C.M.G., or a general, or a social lion, or a military good fellow should amount to nothing when a journalist is criticizing his conduct. I frankly admit that in private life I am quite weak enough or strong enough, whichever it may be, to endeavor to cover up the faults of my friends, to conceal as long as concealment is possible the transgression of those for whom I have affection, nor can I deny as a newspaper writer that the claims of friendship and goodfellowship frequently restrain me from things which I feel I ought to say, yet I can't recollect an instance when to my other faults have been added the disgrace of writing untruth to palliate the offence of any one. We may in our conscience defend the sin of omission and charge it to the account of forgetfulness or think of it as an oversight, but no man, no matter what wrong things he may do himself, if he has a conscience at all, can excuse the journalistic defense of wrong-doing. If such were the habit of newspaper writers, parliamentary critics and judges, "good fellows" would never be punished, their license would be unlimited and the proceeds of a thousand crimes could be utilized in the purchase of such a reputation.

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In connection with this topic, let me give you a letter:

DEAR DON—You say such pretty things when you try, why do you ever go for people, as you did for Rykert and Middleton? You only make enemies and do not advance yourself. Yours, G. N.

I have had this letter by me for several weeks, and more than once have asked the question of myself which my correspondent puts so sharply. I have asked myself if I really do "go for" people. I never intend to. I do not harbor an ugly thought against any fellow-man, and have no *casus belli* with any one. When I think a man is wrong, petty, selfish, tyrannical, egotistic, I say so and give my reasons, but this does not imply a disposition to "go for" people, if by such an expression my friend means what I once heard a United States Senator say when asked "if he was not going to reply to some personal strictures made by an opponent." "Just watch me 'go for' the lard in his inners!" I never reach after a man's vitals, nor do I take pleasure in detracting from the reputation of public people, but I am a critic—a self-appointed one I admit, as is every newspaper writer—and I must criticise when occasion demands it. A man can know neither friend nor foe when doing his duty. My best friends, personally, have made some of the most cutting attacks upon the people and things I like, but it creates no barrier between us. I cannot ask them to permit friendship to muzzle them. I shall not permit it to restrain me if I think I am right. I only wish I could do my work without ever saying an unpleasant thing. Life is short, and to me it is pleasing and happy, marred by little or nothing, except the self imposed restraints of duty in and out of my daily task. Take a higher view of such things, my friend. Whether you know it or not, it is still the fact, the whole race of scribes would be glad to say nothing but pretty things, even though "pretty things" were not the surest means to "advance oneself."

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Fresh Air Fund:

Previously acknowledged	$35 25
"Wa" children	5 00
J. N. E., Hamilton	2 00
H. P. M., Parry Sound	5 00
	$47 25

I have received the following letter from the Secy.-Treasurer of the Fund and I hope it will not be the last acknowledgement he will make this season:

I have much pleasure in acknowledging receipt of $47.25 contributed by readers of SATURDAY NIGHT towards the Fresh Air Fund. We have now fifteen little ones boarding at the Lakeside Home, and will have from two to three excursions per week during the warm weather. So far nearly 3,000 children have been benefited, but I should add that some children have been at two or three excursions, so that the actual number of children taken out would be about 1,500 to 2,000. Sincerely yours,

J. J. KELSO,
Hon. Sec.-Treas. C. F. A. F

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Looking at the portraits published of Henry M. Stanley and Miss Dorothy Tennant and remembering the claims that each has to distinction, one feels a natural interest in examining the faces and wondering whether it will be a happy marriage. A story has long been told that while Stanley was doing his first exploring in Africa his best girl out here in America went back on him and got married to "another." This was said to have blighted the sentimental side of his nature, and in letters and interviews he has spoken very cynically of women as being very tiresome to him. His face is not that of an affectionate man, indeed it is quite the contrary. Miss Tennant, in some respects, is not unlike him, though there is a sweetness in her face, which is certainly lacking in his. He is an old man at fifty; she is young at thirty-four. If happiness is not the result of this matrimonial alliance, he, however, can again go exploring in Africa, she in society, and their lives will be only a little bit more lonely than before. When such years as these have been reached home happiness is the only thing to be looked forward to, the triumphs of exploration and society having both been exhausted and the pinnacle achieved. Stanley's achievements are beyond those of the common man, and the unknown reporter on a western paper was attended to the altar by the representatives of royalty and married amidst surroundings such as have done honor to no nobleman for many years. It is strange too, nobody envies him or thinks the splendor of his present surroundings unearned. Probably the world knows as he knows that no man enjoys more than his share of happiness. To-day perhaps Stanley looks back with regret to the quiet days on a prairie newspaper when he was not jaded by toil and fretted by people who have endeavored to obtain a little reflected glory by being near him.

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Nineteen election protests have been entered in this province. Perhaps in a half a dozen

instances the petitioners hope to succeed. In the balance there will be a "saw off" the conflicting political parties agreeing mutually to withdraw. I do not imagine that in a solitary instance a petition has been filled by anyone who is moved by a personal and heart-feltdis like of bribery or corruption. As a rule election protests are entered in the hope that if a new deal be allowed by the courts the result may be changed. This trading in political iniquity is common to both parties and we have no reason to be surprised, as we have had every evidence that the majority of partisans have no objection to "queer" methods so long as they do not embarrass or defeat their party. I do not believe there has yet been an election trial which has proven the existence even among the rank and file of the politicians an abstract hatred of improper methods.

* * *

I am sorry to hear of the death at Los Angelos, California, of my near friend the Rev. Father Gavan, for many years assistant in St. Mary's parish here. Though still a young man he had done a great deal of work in the cause so dear to him, and no more loyal and faithful friend ever lived.

* * *

The *Globe* says: "The Tory papers are dropping the Equal Rights cry now, probably because the Dominion elections are the next elections to be decided." It is not at all unnatural that the Tory papers should do this after the way such papers as the *Globe* and such politicians and preachers as John Charlton and Principal Caven acted during the provincial campaign. Amongst the Grits it was proven that the Equal Rights movement was a hollow mockery and it is perfectly natural, believing such to be the case, that Conservatives should return to their old organization. Until the present the *Globe* has continuously assailed D'Alton McCarthy as one of Sir John's decoy ducks. Never for a moment, until it thought it could utilize him, could it be persuaded that Mr. McCarthy was sincere or that he had severed his connection with the Conservative party. Now when it hopes to force Mr. McCarthy into an assault upon the Conservative party it says: "It has been evident for some time back that he has cut all connection with his old friends and is resolved to steer an independent course." It also says: "Mr. McCarthy was one of the ablest and most respectable men on the Tory side and his loss will be felt in the coming campaign." Mr. McCarthy will not thank the *Globe* for its friendship as its patronage will at once alarm his Conservative followers, particularly when it predicts "that in this province at least he will make inroads upon the Conservative party." The *Globe* also alleges that he intends to drop the advocacy of Imperial Federation, and speaks of this "as a wise step," as if Mr. McCarthy were a man who could put on and take off his principles like a suit of clothes. D'Alton McCarthy has many friends who hold him in such high regard that even *Globe's* compliments will not weaken their faith in him, but we all thoroughly understand that the conduct of the Grit wing of the Equal Rights movement during the past campaign has left him in an exceedingly difficult position. How he intends to surmount the difficulties in his path it was A be wise for him to explain before the *Globe* succeeds in making the Equal Rights party appear to be the left wing of Mr. Laurier's Falstaffian army. DON.

Social and Personal.

There is such an amount of worry and care connected with the summer exodus—so many things to be forgotten, that I am half inclined to agree with the wise-faced woman who declared to me that after so many people left the city there was a most enjoyable season of delightful rest at home. It may be because the mind and body grow wearied of doing the "right thing," that all are so pleased to follow summer's vagaries and live in the unconventional but fashionable method for which a love comes in the hot weather. It is quite easily seen that cool piazzas and loose home dresses will bring a larger return of happiness than a noisy bustling hotel with its throngs of guests and hot, tired waiters. People in general must be educated somewhat before they are wise enough to prefer the country with congenial friends to fashionable resorts where the love of dress leads to most pronounced discomfort. Home life can be varied so that even those who remain at home may shake off a great deal of the weariness of wealth and almost camp out, satisfying in this way a measure of the wild desire for innovation.

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Sir Alexander Campbell sailed for England on Wednesday.

*

Miss Campbell is the guest of Mrs. William McMurrich at Lake Rosseau. On her return from Muskoka Miss Campbell will go to Halifax for the remainder of the summer.

*

Miss McInnis of Hamilton has taken the ocean voyage. Miss McInnis goes to attend the wedding of an English friend.

*

Among those present at the Grange tennis party last Thursday were: Mrs. Samuel Nordheimer, Commander and Mrs. Law, Mrs. Dawson, Mr. and Mrs. Edmund Morris, Mrs. Langmuir, Miss Langmuir, Mrs. Cunningham, Mrs. Alan Cassels, Mrs. Haggart, Miss Greene, Dr. and Mrs. Grasett, Col. and Mrs. Grasett, Mr. and Miss Dixon, Mrs. John Boulton, the Misses Boulton, Mr. and Mrs. Yarker, the Misses Yarker, Miss Haggarty, Mrs. and Miss Cockburn.

*

A pleasing event took place at the Central Presbyterian church last Wednesday, the occasion being the marriage of Mr. R. W. Tilt and Miss Ellen I. McFarlane, eldest daughter of Mr. Duncan McFarlane. Mr. Henry G. Thorley was best man and Miss Lizzie McFarlane, sister of the bride, bridesmaid. The ceremony was performed by Rev. D. J. Macdonnell. The happy couple left by the 4.55 train for Chatham, the former home of the groom, and then for a trip on the upper lakes.

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A recent issue of the London *Times* gives an account of the investiture by Her Majesty of several gentlemen, including Col. Casimir Stanlaus Gzowski of Toronto, with the honors of the orders of St. Michael and St. George. The honor of receiving the K.C.M.G. at the hands of the Queen is very rarely paid. Levee dress was worn.

*

Hon. G. W. Ross contemplates leaving next week for a holiday by the Pacific.

*

Mr. Harold King of London, England, is the guest of his grandmother on Richmond street.

*

I hear many rumors of weddings and from a combination of whispers I learn that there will be an unusually large number of marriages in September.

*

Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Snow of Ottawa left by the Sardinian this week for a tour of Europe. Mrs. Snow is a daughter of Mr. James Beaty, Q. C.

*

The Misses Rutherford leave town early next week for a lengthy visit to Halifax.

*

Mr. and Mrs. Mulock left town this week for Newmarket.

*

Miss Kennedy of Beverley street is visiting friends in Woodstock.

*

On Wednesday Col. Skinner of Dunely, Woodstock, sailed from Montreal by the Sardinian for a voyage around the world. He will visit England and Scotland, thence to Vienna, where his daughter-in-law, Mrs. Hugh Skinner, is to spend the winter with her family. He will next visit his son, Mr. Thomas Carlyle Skinner, at Malta, then to Jerusalem where he will be looked after by a prominent Jewish rabbi and Free Mason. India comes next where he will be the guest of his son, Mr. Frederick St. Duthus Skinner of the Royal Sussex. He will come home *via* China and Japan, making the last paternal visit of the series to his son Frank in San Francisco. The Colonel says the only difference between his trip and Miss Nellie Bly's will be that she took three months and he will take three years. Good luck to you, Colonel!

*

Mrs. G. R. Baker has returned from a visit to New York, and with Mr. Baker will spend the summer at Baker's Island, Lake Rosseau, Muskoka. Professor Baker goes this week. Messrs. J. L. Baker, F. M. Baker and R. L. Baker are already there.

*

Mr. F. Teviotdale of Bracebridge was in the city this week.

*

Alderman and Mrs. Brandon have left for Long Branch, Newport and the White Mountains.

*

Mr. and Mrs. Llewellyn A. Morrison and daughters are spending a few weeks in one of the cosy island cottages of Stoney Lake in company with his cousin, Mr. John Wigmore and family of Auckland, New Zealand, a retired lumberman of that antipodean part of the British Empire, who, after an absence of twenty-two years from his Canadian home, revisits it to look into the faces of his old-time friends and spend a few months amid the scenes of his boyhood.

*

Madame J. H. Lemaitre and Miss Adele Lemaitre, organist of St. Patrick's church of this city, have gone on a six weeks' vacation to New York and Boston to visit some of their professional friends.

*

Miss Mary H. Keegan of Hamilton, who has been traveling with a party of friends for over a year on the continent, including Egypt, the Holy Land and other eastern countries, has returned to Paris *en route* for London, Eng.

*

The marriage of Mr. Prant Macdonald and Miss Laidlaw takes place on Monday next at 8.30 a.m., in the Yonge street Methodist church.

*

Mr. Fay has returned to England and intends to make his home there.

*

Rev. G. M. Milligan sails on Wednesday next for Great Britain.

*

Commander and Mrs. Law with their family left town on Thursday for six weeks at Lake Muskoka.

*

Mr. and Mrs. Edmund Morris of Guelph have come to Toronto to make their home here.

*

The Toronto Electoral District Society will hold their annual Flower Show in the Pavilion next Wednesday and Thursday, July 23 and 24. It will be under the auspices of the Lieutenant-Governor and Miss Marjorie Campbell, and have for honorary patrons His Worship the Mayor and Mrs. Clarke, Hon G. W. and Mrs. Allan. The programme in my hands, which is to be executed by the Grenadiers' band, contains a number of excellent numbers selected from The Gondoliers, Faust, and other well-known operas. The Flower Show is always the fashionable event of the summer season as many come in from the summer resorts to be present.

*

Miss Albert of Buffalo, N. Y., is the guest of Miss Parsons on Grange avenue.

*

The Misses Montgomery, late of Port Colborne, have taken up their residence on Huron street.

*

Tennis at the Victoria Rink on Friday last was well attended. Three courts were used during the whole time and the meet was pronounced unusually good. Among those present were: Miss Seymour, the Misses Montgomery, Miss Parsons, Miss Albert, Mrs. McKellar, the Misses Lockhart, Miss Howitt, the Misses Cawthra, Mrs. R. Gamble, the Misses Bright, the Misses Beatty, Messrs. Capreol, Swabe, Pringle and Yarker.

*

Mr. John Trew Gray, formerly of the Traders' Bank in the city, and now in the Sarnia branch, is spending some of his holidays here.

*

The Toronto Tennis Club had a meet on Monday and great interest was evinced in the games played by Messrs. Yarker, Mackenzie, Hollyer and Macklem. The contest proved very exciting for the on-lookers as well as those personally interested in the game, and speedily drew the attention of most of those present. It is an undoubted fact that when handsome men in white flannels display their prowess, beauty and fashion is bound to be there to see.

*

Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Smith and Miss Mabel Gardner have gone to Port Sandfield for the summer months.

*

Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Ulbrich and friends of Montreal have been spending a week in the city at Mr. R. Fleming's of Carlton avenue.

*

A most enjoyable yachting party was given on Friday of last week to Oakville, by Mr. and Mrs. F. G. Cox, on the Viola. Among those present were Mr. and Mrs. Charles Brown, sr., Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Cox, Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Williams, Mr. and Mrs. Henry A. Taylor, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Boeckh, jr., Mr. and Mrs. E. Fletcher, Mr. and Mrs. J. Beard, Mr. and Mrs. M. Keachie, Mrs. Moore, Miss Brown, Miss McDiarmid, Mr. D. Roberts, Mr. James Matthews, Mr. F. Matthews, Mr. J. Blackie and Mr. John Carrick.

*

Miss Helen Gregory, who is visiting Manitoba, the North-West Territories and British Columbia, is at present the guest of the Lieut.-Governor of Manitoba, and is now visiting with the Lieut.-Governor and his party Lake Winnipeg and surrounding country.

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Mrs. C. S. Botsford of St. George street and her two sons left on Tuesday for Dakota and Banff.

*

Gen. Sir Fred Middleton was dined at Harry Webb's on Tuesday night prior to his departure from Canada. Among those present were: Capt. Tassie, Mr. T. C. Patteson, Capt. Hay, Capt. Baldwin, Capt. Mutton, Mr. Mackay, Mr. Osborne, Mr. Hector Cameron, Mr. Albert Gooderham, Major Mason, Mr. S. Nordheimer, Col. Miller, the Bishop of Toronto, Dr. Goldwin Smith, Sir Fred Middleton, Mr. W. R. Brock, Mr. D. Creighton, Capt. McLean, Capt. Tidswell, Mr. B. Lee, Mr. Heward, Mr. Laidlaw, Mr. Matheson, Capt. Sloan, Capt. Caston, Mr. Dixon, Col. Dawson, Capt. Morrow, Mr. Cunningham, Dr. E. E. King, Mr. Maclennan, Capt. Michie, Mr. Bankier, Mr. A. Maclean Howard, Mr. T. W. Jones, Major Harrison, Capt. Stuart, Capt. Davidson, Col. Grasett, Mr. C. W. Bunting, Col. Jones, Major Moore, Mr. D. M. Defoe, Capt. Denison, Capt. Mewburn, Capt. Trotter, Major Mead, Mr. Duncan, Mr. E. S. Cox, Mr. A. J. Close, Mr. Stuart Heath, Capt. Howard.

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The city members of the Ontario Dental Association gave a complimentary dinner to the above society on Thursday at 1 p.m. at Harry Webb's.

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The following guests are at the Iroquois House, St. Hilaire, Que.: C. P. Dwight of Toronto, Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Bell of Montreal, Mr. and Mrs. J. Stewart and family of Ottawa, Mr. C. T. Hart, Dr. Lorne Campbell, Mr. A. Peterson, Mr. James Clifford, Miss Georgie Burland, Mr. Jeffrey H. Burland, Mr. J. A. MacPhail, Mrs. Percey, Mr. and Mrs. Louis Sutherland, Mr. A. Stewart, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Garth, Mr. A. G. Trevethick, Mr. and Mrs. Lomer Gouin, Mlle. Mercier, Mr. H. H. Henshaw, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Caverhill, Mr. and Mrs. Macrae, Mr. F. W. Taylor, Mr. Frank W. Cane, Mr. and Mrs. Lewis, Mr. G. G. Lewis, Mr. and Mrs. Ross, Mr. L. S. Black, Mr. John Beattie, Mr. Charles Holland, Mr. F. C. Henshaw, Mr. Hector Mackenzie, Mr. M. Bock, Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Price and family, Mr. James Stephenson, Mr. R. Campbell Nelles, Miss Campbell, Mr. C. Drinkwater, Mr. T. Iron, Mr. G. B. MacPherson, Mr. G. T. Cantlie, Mr. Alfred Chouillon, Mr. Lucien Chouillon, Mr. J. Pangman and Mr. F. H. Reynolds of Montreal.

Tennis at Winnipeg---No. 2.

Some people look on at tennis as if it were a mere kill-time, whereas in reality it is a game of great skill. The king of out-door games is cricket; I worshipped at its shrine many long years ago, and it takes years to become a good player. Yet it is a game in which the participant is always "on notice." The ball is bowled in a straight line to him and if his stumps are taken it is not because the batter was unaware of the direction of the attack. The wicket keeper, the long-stop, and in fact the whole field can pretty nearly anticipate the coming of the ball and have some time to get into line. The batter has a few inches to protect; the fielder has time to move. Not so with tennis. The service in this game comes across courts, can be varied 13½ feet, and when the ball is in play it is almost impossible to anticipate its sharp movements. It can be dropped or smashed at the net, cut at the service line, driven to the base or over the side lines without the faintest indication by the striker's eye, attitude, or racquet, and the whole operation of scoring a point is as quick as a flash and as varied as the weather. No game forces so much exercise in a short time as tennis, and yet exercise is not all. The head as well as the hand must be in the game, and the whole player is so much occupied and the movements and changes are so rapid that there is no discussing business or nursing a worry. No game requires more equanimity of temper. Find fault with the balls, the racquet or net or carp at the opponent and it is all up—the latter, if patient, must win. This feature of the game is the same the world over, but "more so" at Winnipeg than any place I have played, and I attribute this equable liver and happy result to the presence of so many lady players. The courts at Winnipeg cannot be engaged ahead, and no person can play two sets in succession if other players are ready, while the ladies have the right to play four days in the week on equal terms with their brothers—and their brothers' companions—all, of course, being members of the club. It may be said that this will have the effect of curtailing the strength, if not the skill, of the game, and that under these circumstances men will not become players of the highest class. But it must be admitted there are very few perfect players. How many are there in England, the nursery of the game? Probably not a score. How many are there in the United States, with their 60,000,000 population? Not as many as in England. How many thoroughly scientific players are there in our own Canada? While matches and tournaments are excellent, the pleasure of the game does not depend upon the highest class of play. A "muff," of course, is abominable, but really a "good player" is all one need aspire to be, to extract great sport from the game. This is what they are at Winnipeg—thoroughly good players, not Renshaws, Slocums, Clarkes, Sears or Hamiltons, and I question if there is any place where tennis affords as much down-right pleasure as it does here. Fine exponents of this class are Messrs. Ewart, Stobart, Galt, Tulloch, Waghorn, Allen and Randall, and among the ladies the Misses Beckett, Mrs. Killan, Mrs. G. and Mrs. J. Galt, Mrs. Street, Mrs. Patton, Miss Green, Miss Ruttan and Miss Lemon.

I had not the pleasure of seeing Mr. Applegarth, the champion player, but I hope to have him at a Toronto tournament some day. If I were permitted to make a suggestion at all, and it is the only thing I could conjecture, it would be to look after the height of the nets. It is "about right"—as one of the ladies said—won't do. A yard measure should always be on the ground beside every net and the latter tested every few minutes. The side line is included in this suggestion and in short—though I disclaim wishing to be short—the 3 feet center and 3½ feet at the posts is as essential to the science of the game as the measurement of the courts. As a rule tennis parties do not promote good play. It is the contrary at Winnipeg. The novelist, W. E. Norris, in the opening chapter of Miss Shafto, in describing Baron and Mrs. Lammergeier's parties says, "Anybody of course can give a crush, it is not a form of entertainment which as a general rule demands any great trouble or expenditure." Tennis parties at Winnipeg are not crushes; they are wisely limited both as to the number of players and other guests, and the game never lags. At Mr. Eden's perfect grounds on Wednesday men only occupied the boards—or grass I should say. Mr. W. F. Buchanan of Winnipeg and Mr. Yarker of Toronto, both in the fifty class and well advanced in weight also, were drawn against those young colts of light form, Mr. Elen and Mr. F. Brydges, but I am forbidden to say how the "old boys" came out. On Mr. Buchanan's retiring a little—just a little—winded, his place was taken by Mr. Archibald, whose prowess as an "old boy" was equally successful, and his cuts, smashes and drives were a great assistance to his side—while he also lasted. Mrs. F. Brydges gave another delightful tennis party the following Saturday, about fifty guests being present. Under a large, open, pretty tent, carpeted with rugs, sat many ladies and gentlemen watching the well contested games which were upheld by the Misses Beckett, Mrs. Killarn, Mrs. G. and Mrs. J. Galt, Mrs. Patton and Mrs. Ruttan, and Messrs. Ewart, Allen, Yarker, Howell, Stobart, Galt, Greathead and Patton, the three double courts being kept going all evening. A match took place at eight o'clock for a bag of oatmeal for the Hospital, played by Messrs. Stobart and Howell against Messrs. Yarker and Patton. I have forgotten who won but the Q. C.'s seemed most "distressed," and at all events charity, sweet charity, was the real gainer. Refreshments all throughout the evening also closed the games, and the guests departed feeling that it was happy to meet, sorry to part, and only too happy to meet again. If anything I have done, said or written tends to make more friends for the game of tennis at Winnipeg it will add, and that I confess would be difficult, to the pleasure of my short stay in the promising Prairie City. Y

Princesses Are Scarce.

"There are not so many princesses in the matrimonial market as you might suppose," says Eugene Field. "They are easily enumerated. The representatives of the Romish church are three Bavarian and three Belgian princesses, one Bavarian duchess, five Bourbon princesses, four Austrian archduchesses, a Saxon princess, and a Wurtemburg princess. The Protestant girls are two princesses of England, two of Prussia, three of Holstein, one of Hesse, one of Anhalt, one of Saxe-Weimar, one of Mecklenberg, and a number representing petty German principalities. In the Greek church, there are a Grecian princess and two princesses of Montenegro. Most of these royal creatures are pretty well along in years—none is regarded eligible so far as Prince Albert Victor of England is concerned. Indeed, the finding of a wife for that uninteresting person is said to be worrying his grandma a good deal. It is believed that Princess Victor of Teck will finally be decided upon; she is too pretty and too clever to be yoked to so doughy a fellow as the heir-apparent number two. As for Prince George, it is arranged, they say, that in due time he shall marry Princess Mary, heir to the throne of Holland. At present she is only fifteen years of age. The Czar has but one daughter and she is about fourteen years old. Russian girls are not quoted high, for the reason that as they mature they invariably discover a fondness and a talent for intrigue and politics.

Her Husband's Offset.

Mrs. Cumso—Oh, John, you ought to see the perfectly lovely dress I've had made for only $60.

Cumso—Let me see it, and I'll show you the love of a pair of trousers I paid $7 for.

On an Ocean Greyhound.

"Great Scott, what a lot of food that man eats!"

"He must be what they call a stowaway."

An Illustration.

He—What does the poet mean by an aching void? I can't understand what it can possibly be.

She—Why, I should think you ought to know. Have you never had a headache?—*Munsey's Weekly.*

A Rare Specimen.

Mrs. de Plain—My husband never leaves me for an hour without kissing me.

Neighborly Caller—I can readily believe it. Everybody says your husband is the most considerate, unselfish, self-sacrificing man that ever lived.—*N. Y. Weekly.*

A STRONG TEAM.

Mr. Edward Beeton, the well-known watch specialist, finding that his repair business was fast outgrowing his best efforts, has taken into partnership Mr. Henry Playtner, one of the most skilful whatchmakers in the city. The new firm will carry on business at Mr. Beeton's old stand in Leader Lane, and we have no doubt they will make a big success of it.—*Editorial in the "Trader."*

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PROF. DAVIS

Has completed arrangements for the purchase of the premises, 102 Wilton avenue, corner of Mutual street. During the next few weeks carpenters, bricklayers, plasterers, painters, glaziers, plumbers and gasfitters, &c., will be busy building his

New Dancing Academy

Which will be complete in every detail. Classes will assemble in it early in September, due notice of which will be given.

HAREM

(Not the Sultan's)

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The Finest Turkish Cigarettes

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TRY THEM

Boudoir Gossip.

The average small boy has things all his own way on a crowded steamboat. He revels in the knowledge that he cannot be soundly whipped there, and in his recklessness for the future he chooses to disregard the nods and nudges with which his obstreperous conduct is punctured.

A good representative of this illogical species of boyhood was compressing into a two hours' ride enough unadulterated mischief to last a girl for a fortnight, and if I am not mistaken he has been sorry before this. He was in charge of his grandparents, one of whom was a fidgetty woman with a mouth that closed like an old-fashioned wire rat trap. Oh, how she did poke that boy! and how accustomed he appeared to be to this form of correction. He only rubbed his little ribs and proceeded from his last stopping-place. He might have been made in sections of coiled wire, and if he had, would have been a novel and paying advertisement for any spring manufactory in the country. I've seen eels and various other things of good contortive and excessively slippery qualifications, but that boy was a revelation of the word move.

"Just two more bananas, grandma, and I'll have et a whole dozen," he shouted triumphantly, to the consternation of his thrifty and temperate guardian and the undisguised amusement of the surrounding travelers. "I'll keep your seat, graadpa," he went on, a moment later, "but I'll lose my own—there, it's gone. Tst—tst—tst. My, ain't she in a hurry. There's one I'll go after," and off he went, while a tired-looking man dropped into the grandfather's seat, to the unparalleled disgust of the boy, who returned minus a chair and with a cloud of apprehension in his eyes. He got it back, however, and proceeded to take aim at various hats and bonnets with his grandfather's umbrella, which the old man's good wife rescued from his hands, leaving a retributive slap upon them. He fidgetted, chattered and contorted his features, diving, between these forms of amusement, into a paper bag and devouring its pastry contents in so masterly a manner that each disappearance lent strength to the plausibility of his banana anecdote.

•

I am in receipt of a letter from an American correspondent, who writes under Carlyle. It is a long time since I saw you, my school-girl friend, but I am almost sure you belonged to that class which struggled so faithfully over the *Je parle, tu parle, il parle* road to French. Have the brown eyes forgotten the expression I laughingly called the letter d? You speak of Sunday street cars, and ask me my opinion. Later on I may discover my ignorance to my readers; at present I have not time. Carlyle has evidently an opinion of men, and regarding their susceptibility to praise, she says:

"A young lady said to me the other day: 'Oh! men are so susceptible to flattery! I told Mr. M— that he is a perfect Adonis, and do you know he looked delighted and was so very gracious to me after that!' Another young girl said: 'Why, I told George on Sunday that he has beautiful eyes, and you should have seen how that pleased him!' I certainly do not approve of such extravagant, unwholesome compliments, they are such unmistakable marks of insincerity. I merely mention them to show that even men's minds are affected by praise. Of course I must not generalize too soon, because two have yielded so completely to it. Nor do I mean that all men would be similarly influenced by these compliments, for the more elevated the mind, the more delicate must be the praise, if it be acceptable. But I venture to say that if the praise be suited to the mind of the man, it is just as welcome to him as it would be to his sister. When a minister is commended for his excellent sermon, he is as much delighted as his wife is when she is applauded for her admirable address to the W.C.T.U."

Common Sense also writes me on the same interesting subject. She declares that her husband was so enchanted with her compliments that he grew exacting and believed her out of humor if the quantity were below the average. Then, wise woman, she tabooed extravagant utterances, and sank back into prosy life, firmly clutching the idea that men are very "vain."

•

An old woman made this very positive statement the other day, "Girls oughtn't never to be let out in the world. It spiles them for homes." That roused my ire. One would think that a home was a cage or a prison, instead of the earthly type of Heaven. There never was a true woman or a good man who found outside of home-life the peace and happiness that comes with it. The world, bless its heart, is gay. One enjoys the jostle, the hurry, the excitement of a busy life. There is a pleasing fascination in pushing, but no soul ever lived on such husks of happiness. The real essence of pleasure is found in happy homes. We nestle down in unalloyed pleasure beside the hearthstone, so safe, so sure of each heart there. The dear faces are minus the business eyes which estimate one's worth by the amount of work that is done. The voice-tones are gentle from heart-love—not from a desire to trade on good-will. The care-creased brows are not the outward and distinctly visible sign of inward summing-up of dollars and cents. Whatever we may be thankful for, and whatever we prize, we should put the homes above all—and we do. If that old woman only knew how hungry hearts get sometimes she would take back her narrow-minded words and set about making so dear a home that her girls would rush back to it with loving gratitude. If she knew more of the world she would understand that nothing outside the walls of a home can ever take its place, and that an intimate acquaintance with life and business only strengthens by its derogatory comparison the love for one's own kin and one's own fireside.

•

It has often been said that a good conversationist is a person who is willing upon occasion to become the most attentive of listeners. Perhaps it may be so, but I am inclined to award the laurel to that man or woman, who, reading character from all the flags she flaunts, can determine the style of chat which will suit the other party best. He is the prince of talkers, the skilful stroke, who paddles a conversation into the clear, still waters, the shallows, the cataracts or the tumbled waves of past and present thought. It is well, perhaps, to recollect that the precision of the paddle is to be thanked for many delightful hours of conversation, and would we please others we must learn to paddle for paragraphs.

•

Did it ever happen that you, my reader, were forced into communication with that grumbling individual whom I call the superlative disparager? Have you heard of the evils which are supposed to lurk open-mouthed in every corner. These unhappy mortals, who never can invest events with a mellow reflection from their own happiness, see all things through a miasmatic mist. Cucumbers, in their eyes, are always guarded by a cholera Demon, gotten up in green. All cherries are supposed to be wormy; and the tiniest gray cloud is pointed out as an embryo death-dealing storm. The sun is considered in only one way—its ability to strike. Water is to drown people, and the great world a systematized band of robbers to despoil the unfortunates, who seem to be natural only when thoroughly miserable. Ah, perhaps I wrong them in casting reproach. They suffer. They need pity.

•

Apropos of my remarks on hat lifting in last week's issue, one pleasant-voiced man informed me that his intention was to procure a pier glass and perform a stated amount of practice each day. There's determination for you, and it is very simple—up! to the right! forward! back! See?

•

Comica and I were discussing the numberless embarrassments which would arise from having two heads. We hope no one will endeavor to discover the way-back cause of our remarks, but a reflection on the various entanglements proceeding from such a generous departure on the part of Dame Nature from the general method amused us considerably. First of all, think of two sets of bangs, or as our English correctists say, "fringes." One of them takes up a good deal of space time, wastes many a match and is a prolific cause of sighs and limpness. Two would call for a revolution in the observatory or in the opinions of people in general.

Two pairs of eyes would be convenient—most of the time. Four ears would be real nice if we had them. It would not do for the people about us to be similarly blessed. Two tongues—oh, couldn't we talk then! We agreed, disagreed, and proceeded with the discussion while a very imaginative man sailed into the conversation with the startled question: "What on earth would become of a man who waked up in the morning with four heads?"

The two-headed debate was not pursued farther. The climax had come from our audience. We were silently repressive.

•

It was my great pleasure last week to be comfortably seated on board a boat which was crossing the lake, while the sun was doing its diurnal bit of painting in water-colors. The sunset sky was not the prettiest one I have ever seen. The colors were garish and monotonous, but the lake surface took on an odd shade of bronze. Near the far shore the waves were thickly painted, and then, thinner and still more carefully applied, the bronze faded almost away, until bye-and-bye I could see streaks of dark water through and between the great brush strokes. It seemed as if the supply of paint was low and brought to my mind a rather painful experience which once had with some gold paint and a tarnished chandelier.

The smoke twirled itself free and gambolled into the dusky air, bending at length to touch the night-darkened water, while the wee stars peeped with wondering eyes through the tattered smoky column and shining on in their calm, patient way, lent an indescribable charm to the restful quiet of the evening.

CLIP CAREW.

Books and Periodicals.

There are few people in Toronto who are not familiar with the uniformed and medal-bedecked figure of Capt. W. D. Andrews, and still fewer who have not heard of his deeds of prowess in saving lives from the waters of our great lakes. For over eighteen years he was connected with the life-saving service. The exposure to inclement weather which this necessitated brought upon the heroic captain the terrible affliction of blindness. A neat little volume entitled The Life-Saver has been published containing a record of this life of self-sacrifice and bravery, as well as a number of meritorious poems written by the unfortunate captain himself. The poems have been collected from selections published in the Buffalo *Sunday Express*, and other papers, and the whole volume is nicely illustrated, the frontispiece being an excellent portrait of the author. William Briggs, Wesley Buildings, Toronto, is the publisher.

Fishing and Shooting is a small volume on the different sporting grounds of Canada, published by the Canadian Pacific Railway. The literary part of the work and also some of the illustrations are from the facile pen and pencil of Mr. E. W. Sandys. As is well known Mr. Sandys has few rivals in bright and racy descriptive writing, and with his wide knowledge of the magnificent scenery of Canada from ocean to ocean he can present as vivid an idea of a beautiful landscape or a romantic fishing ground as any of our young Canadian writers. His pen and ink sketches of animals are excellently drawn. The C.P.R. is fortunate in possessing a writer of Mr. Sandys' ability for their summer holiday work.

Bank Chat is the title of a new journalistic venture just to hand. It is a monthly magazine devoted to the interests, instruction and recreation of those in the banking profession in Canada. The editor is Mr. J. Harcourt Verney, who has been connected for many years with the Federal Bank and the Bank of Hamilton. The first number is a neat, bright looking sheet and has for a pictorial frontispiece the familiar features of Mr. J. Castell Hopkins of the Imperial bank. It should succeed.

Canny Aberdeen Folk.

Apropos of Aberdeen, the Granite City, a good story is told by an English tourist who stayed for a week in apartments in that place. "I had heard," he says, "of the dourness of the canny folk of Aberdeen, who could beat all creation at a bargain, or succeed in taking the breeks off a Highlandman; and my experience, short though it was, proved that rumor had rightly estimated the character of the people. The streets are granite, the houses are granite, and the people are granite; and when they have a granite baby, they give it a granite ball to play with, for fear it should break its toy. I had a granite landlady, and one day when I was going fishing, her son volunteered to accompany me. I provided the lunch, the rods, and the lines; he provided the worms—dug them up in somebody's else garden with a borrowed spade. I caught sixteen trout; he ate the lunch, and broke my best rod. When we got home I made a present of fourteen of the fish to my granite landlady, and asked her to cook the other two for my tea. She did—and charged me fivepence for the dripping she fried 'em in!"

•

'Tis a Wise Mother.

"Where have you been till this time of night, John?" said the anxious mother.

"I've been sitting up with a sick friend, mother," replied the son.

"Why, I'm surprised, John; I did not know she was ill."

•

The Prose of It.

Teacher (reading):

"Let down your sable shade, O night,
And hide this sad earth from my sight."

"That's poetry! How would you express the same idea in prose? Well, Johnny?"

"Johnny—"Pull down the blind."

•

An Ethnological Question.

McGonigal—An Oirishman? No, indade, sor; it's an Amerikin oi am. Oi was bor-rn roight here in New York.

Rourke—That's quare. Would oi have been a nagur if oi'd been bor-rn in Afriky?

•

More Wonderful Than Aladin's Lamp.

METHODIST PARSONAGE,
267 Lansdowne avenue.
TORONTO, May 21, 1890.

R. M. Wanzer & Co.:

DEAR SIRS,—At this late date I send you unsolicited the following account of the fun played by a Wanzer Lamp in four weeks' camping last September on Lake Simcoe. It was our only fire and light, and with it we did all the baking, boiling, steaming, roasting and frying necessary for two. Our apparatus was very primitive. Instead of one of your magnificent cookers capable of cooking for seven people, we used a stovepipe covered at one end with the cover of a pail, and covered with several thicknesses of brown paper to retain the heat, and a number of tin dishes and empty fruit cans which we could close tightly. At almost every meal we had four courses—fish and potatoes, steamed meat, rice and raisin pudding, and apple sauce, and we were able to have them all served piping hot and thoroughly cooked. We could set the dinner on and leave our camp for three hours or more, and come back to find a not overdone dinner awaiting our ravenous appetite. One morning we set sail in our skiff from Strawberry Island, heading through the whitecaps for Georgina Island, eighteen miles away. We had our dinner set on, and stayed our Wanzer, surmounted by the stovepipe, with a few light cords fastened to the sides of the boat, and after four hours we ran up to an Indian's landing and we were able to turn out a hot dinner without delay. The lamp was our only camp fire, and a good one it was. We had no trouble finding firewood, and our food was free from the fumes of smoke. Our soup did not taste of cinders and boiled spiders, and meat, fish and potatoes never tasted so well. Now at home our Wanzer provides us with the most expeditious way of preparing porridge for breakfast. It bakes delicious bread, and its roasting has to be tasted to be appreciated. During the winter we have often used it in preference to our range, and we expect unknown comfort with our summer cooking. It does all that a coal oil stove attempts, and does not bless you with an all-pervading odor of coal oil smoke. Above all, like a cultivated housekeeper, it can pass from the kitchen to the parlor and be an ornament to both. I have felt it due to you, since your wonderful lamp gave me the richest bill-of-fare I ever enjoyed while roughing it, and at a cost for the four weeks of but 40 cents, to express my thanks in this form. If this recital will do you any good as a testimonial, it is at your disposal. We are welcome to use it. To all campers I would say, if you wish to take into camp a thing of beauty and usefulness, a perfect joy for the cook, the Wanzer cooker will meet the case.

Yours truly,
W. W. ANDREWS.

•

The city of Toronto has long been noted for its enterprise and energy, but in no branch of business activity has greater progress been made than in the line of fine tailoring. This is abundantly demonstrated to anyone who carefully inspects the stock of Henry A. Taylor and observes all that is fashionable in the latest patterns, and realizes from a practical test the exquisite fit and elegant finish of all garments leaving his establishment. This business was established in the year 1870, and the premises occupied by Mr. Taylor are spacious and commodious, and especially adapted to the requirements of his extensive business—doing the largest and best transient merchant tailoring business in Toronto. There is no firm in the city whose facilities for the prompt fulfilment of orders approach those of Henry A. Taylor. The high personal character of Mr. Taylor is sufficient guarantee of the reliable manner in which all garments are manufactured, and the ability displayed in conducting this large and growing business must continue to assure an increased patronage from the best classes of society. Remember the Fashionable West End Tailoring Establishment, 119 King Street West.

The Only Pullman Sleeper for New York is via Erie Ry., leaving Toronto 4.55 p.m.

Comfort is everything while traveling and in order to obtain this little luxury, you should purchase your tickets via the picturesque Erie. You can also leave Toronto at 3.40 p.m., by the magnificent steamer, Empress of India, solid train from Port Dalhousie.

You can get your eyes tested on scientific principles free of charge at Brown's Jewelry store, 110 Yonge street, by going between 10 o'clock a.m. and 1 o'clock p.m. every day.

The latest issues in the popular Red Letter Series of select fiction are: Sowing the Wind, by Mrs. E. Lynn Linton; A Black Business, by Hawley Smart; Violet Vyvian, M. F. H., by May Crommelin and J. Moray Brown; The Rival Princess, by Justin McCarthy and Mrs. Campbell Praed; A Born Coquette, by The Duchess. All the best books are to be found in the Red Letter Series, for sale by booksellers everywhere.

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FIRST HALF OF A TWO PART STORY.

ONE DAY'S FISHING.

By GERTRUDE BARTLETT.

One August morning during their midsummer holidays Constance Murray and Bertha Allen were looking out at the open windows of Farmer Allen's sitting-room. These windows opened out upon an old-fashioned wooden pillared porch, shaded by a grapevine. In the front garden the roses, succeeding the lilacs and snowballs, had long since ceased to bloom; the lilies had withered upon their stalks, but Aunt Jane's carefully tended house plants filled the porch with their bright blossoms. Constance appeared to be studying the tall oleander as if there never had been such an oleander before, although in reality she saw not a single pink blossom thereof. Bertha seemed likewise to be examining the peculiarities of a very commonplace burdock that thrust its head up to look over the floor of the porch. Indeed, had she seen it, it might have reminded her of a sturdy laborer looking in at a window upon a group of fashionable women.

The sound of a fall in the adjoining kitchen caused a collision of their respective trains of thought.

"Well, Connie," said Bertha, smilingly to her friend. "Are you sad because you have forsaken Madame Van Cortlandt's brilliant class-room for this wilderness? Do you find talking to Aunt Jane and Tilda more stupid than teaching mathematics?"

"Oh, Bertie, how can you ask such a thing! in short and plain the horrible old school I wish I might never see the horrid old school again. With you here it could be quite happy if it were not for a want that would make me unhappy in heaven. Now, madam, I truly believe, fancies that you love to lecture a row of brainless girls upon the beauties of English literature—that nothing could give you so much happiness as this wholesale casting of pearls before—

"Connie!"

"Oh, of course, you never will say what you think."

Bertha's answer was prevented by the hurried entrance of Aunt Jane Brewster.

"Well, I declare!" she exclaimed as she sank into a chair. "I never was so dead beat since the time I first came to take care of yer father's house that day arter his wife died. I'm not sayin' but what she was a well meanin' soul, but she was a dreful poor manager; didn't have no faculty. But that's neither here nor there. I ain't sayin' that yew ain't been a sight of help to me this mornin', Bertha, washin' up that mess of dishes and splittin' that wood. I make no doubt neither but what your Constance's cake will be light 'nuff if that Tilda don't go and put the damper down. And that fetches me to the pint. That Tilda—I never did see sich an aggrevatin' critter. I told her to be sure to get some beef steak from the butcher cart when it came along. And what did she do but knock down that bull pan of cream that I told her to churn last night all over the pantry floor. Then she took your father's clean shirt out of the clothes basket to wipe it up—and a lot of other things beside—I make no doubt she would have taken my good damask tablecloth if I hadn't come just then. Then she let the butcher man wait till he was tired, while she jabbered to Mose, and he went away. Now here is Elder Hitchneck comin' to supper and there ain't a mouthful in the house nothing else in the house to set before him. There is that one huckleberry pie and Constance's cake and—and—There! Tilda promised to set the bread last night after I had told her to a dozen times if I did once!"

"Aunt Jane," said Bertha with much contrition, "there isn't any pie."

"Of course there is, child. I put it away myself where your father couldn't find it. Land sakes!" she gasped as she caught the meaning of Bertha's guilty look, "you don't mean to tell me now that you have ben and et it yourself?"

"Oh, aunt, it must have been the wood or something. I was so hungry, and you know you ought not to make your pies so good if you don't want them eaten. You know you ought not yourself, auntie. Besides, I didn't know the minister was coming. I was only afraid Tilda would eat it if I didn't; and you know she eats too much as it is."

"Yes, that's true enough. Well, it ain't for me ter say but that ye needed a mouthful more than the elder will. Yew der look a little peaked tew, but not so much as Constance does.

"Constance always looks peaked; she thinks it's angelic. You can make some of your nice biscuits and I will catch a chicken——"

"That's just it, child. The parson can't abair chickens; he says they eat worms and sich things. But he is amazin' fond of fish. If Ned hadn't gone to the blacksmith shop now, I'd send him right off down to the lake to catch some."

"Oh," cried Bertha, "Connie and I will go and catch some now. I heard Mose Drake tell Grandpa last night that there was "fust rate bass fishin' off our bluffs and towards Four Mile Point."

Aunt Jane looked from one to the other in a rather skeptical manner.

"Well, why shouldn't we?" demanded Bertha.

"Naw, whoever heerd tell of girls catchin' fish?"

"If we will bring you home enough for supper, will you be satisfied."

"Oh, yew kin try it, of course (keep 'em out of mischief)" she thought.

"Come on Connie," cried Bertha. "You mount up stairs and get our hats and I will get the lines. I brought a couple of spoons and sinkers from New York on purpose."

"I will get the hats of course," answered Constance with assumed stateliness, "but will you kindly explain what you mean by "mosey."

"Land sakes!" interposed Aunt Jane, "don't ye know what that is yet?" whereupon the stateliness of tall Constance vanished, and with much readiness she went for the hats, not forgetting to take from her trunk a large veil which she hoped would preserve her fair skin from the sun.

Bertha having found and arranged the tackle they set out. Going through the kitchen they saw Mrs. Brewster blacking the stove—after Tilda, as she gave the girls to understand by a glance from her work to the girl who was sitting by the table looking over berries, her broad German face wearing a look of much abused innocence. The kitchen door also opened upon a porch, vine-covered. Just beyond lay the dusty wagon road leading from the barn to the fields toward the lake. The girls walked along this road to the granary where Bertha stopped for the oars. Then each shouldering an oar they took the path through the fields to the edge of the woods beyond which lay the lake, talking gaily as they went. They turned before reaching the tempting shade of the woods and took another path over the long hill to a broad marsh. There, amid lily pads and flags they found the boat tied by a chain to a post driven into the soft ground. The day was very warm; not a cloud veiled the intense blue of the sky. The lake was perfectly calm.

"A bad day for fishing I am afraid," said Bertha, as she unlocked the boat. "However, we will try. You might run along to the lake shore there, and I will let you in when I get the boat in deeper water. I will have to use a paddle here I see."

When she reached the mouth of the creek she waited for Constance who appeared to have some difficulty in getting over the rail fence. She reached the boat at length and Bertha made one vigorous push with the paddle and sent the boat out into the lake.

"There," she said, "now I will row," and turning she threw the paddle ashore. Then she went to the middle seat and reached out to pick up the oars. They were not there.

"Connie," she gasped. "Where are the oars?"

"Oh, the oars? Ain't they there? They must be back there where the boat was."

Meanwhile the boat was drifting further from the shore. Some vague idea that possibly they might be rescued by a passing vessel was passing through Connie's mind while Bertha hurriedly removed her shoes and stockings, sprank from the boat into the water and easily drew it ashore. Then she went back for the oars, found them and returned.

Again the boat was gliding on the smooth water, this time propelled by a pair of well-handled oars.

Constance was preparing to throw over the trolling line.

"Not yet," called out Bertha, "wait till we get out into bass ground. This is the perch ground and the line would likely get caught under the stones."

"See here, Bertha, while you were gone for the oars I saw this pole and line on the shore, and I thought if we couldn't catch any by trolling, we might by baiting them."

"Excellent," laughed Bertha, "or it might be if you had any bait."

"Bait? I never thought of that. Can't we go ashore and dig some worms?"

"Easily; only bass won't bite at worms. We might dig some worms and try to catch minnows and then take the minnows to bait the hook for the bass. Is there a hook on the line attached to your pole, Connie?"

"I am sure I don't know. Why, yes, here is one."

Thinking they might as well fish two ways at once as not, they tried in deep. However, they were spared the necessity of fishing with worms for minnows, for, with an old tin pail she found on the beach, Bertha managed to capture a portion of a small school of minnows as they were passing through the narrow creek.

"We will have to take the pail and all on board," she said, "for the pieces of bait won't live long without water. How the horrible thing leaks, too."

There was no help for that apparently, and the leaking pail was stowed under one of the seats.

"By the time nine or ten pails full have leaked out," remarked Constance, "we shall be swamped, shall we not?"

"Well, we can use the pail to bail out with, can't we?"

Just as they were preparing to shove off again a shout from the other side of the fence made them look up. There was Tilda running toward them, waving a basket and crying "Oh, the bunt-sheep will get me—the bunt-sheep will get me." The sheep evidently supposed that Tilda's basket contained salt for her, but Tilda thought only of getting over the fence. She dropped the basket and standing on the second rail cried to Bertha to come and drive the bunt sheep away. Bertha had to go to her in order to assure her that this was a pet sheep that couldn't bunt her if she wanted to, caressing the woolly head to prove her statement. Then Tilda, reassured, picked up the basket and gave it to Bertha, explaining that "Miss Brewster had sent their dinners to them so they needn't stop catchin' fish on that account."

When they had again shoved off they saw Tilda running across the fields in something of the position of the boy, who having cried "Wolf, wolf, when there was no wolf," at length was surprised by the said wolf. But as it appeared to the girls that Tilda could run as fast as the bunt-sheep they did not go to her assistance.

After reaching a point about a mile from shore the bow was turned toward the east, the trolling lines thrown over, held by Constance, who sat in the stern. The hook and line attached to the pole, baited with a minnow, Bertha took charge of while she slowly rowed the boat, following, a mile away, the windings of the shore.

"How long must we wait for a bite?" asked Constance; "can we talk in the meantime?"

"By all means, let us talk. But first I would like to know what Aunt Jane has sent us for lunch. If there is anything in the basket which could upset, doubtless it is upset now. Besides, it takes me all my time to keep the bait pail from flopping over into it."

"Oh, don't open it yet," entreated Constance as Bertha was about to raise the lid. "It will so surprise us when we go to lunch." And it did.

In the meantime, however, it was replaced under the seat. Constance pulled in each line, one after the other, to see if she had hooked a fish; Bertha pulled in her line to see if the minnow was all right. Then Bertha remarked that they would know when they had a bite by the pull they would feel on the lines. Then she noticed that Constance had tied her line on each side of the boat and she was allowing her fingers to ripple the water. Bertha pointed out that that would never do; that Constance must establish some sort of means of communication between any force that might act upon her lines with the seat of sensation in her own self, suggesting that if she did not wish to hold them she might tie them around her neck. This, however, Constance refused, and said she would keep her hands upon the lines; but this, too, Bertha objected to, as she said in the event of a fish being hooked it might be necessary to give him more line than was already out. So Constance was obliged to untie the lines and hold the reels in her hands.

"It seems to me," she said, "that fishing is very like work."

"Nonsense! Fishing is happiness—whoever heard it called work this side 'the everlasting thunder of the long Atlantic swells?'"

"At any rate it is a good thing that we have these hats to keep our faces free from being sun-burned."

Nevertheless the faces of both girls were already somewhat burned. A faint flush extended over Constance's face to the roots of her fair hair, and a rich red burned in Bertha's cheeks and her white neck was tinted with brown beneath her short brown curls.

They were silent for a short time, while each studied, without seeming to do so, the other.

"You sometimes remind me of Lucille," said Constance.

"Was Lucille:

A power hid in pathos; a fire veiled in cloud;
Yet still burning outward; a branch which, though bowed
By a bird in its passage, springs upward again;
Through all symbols I search for her sweetness in vain."

quoted Bertha, laughing skeptically.

"Ah, that is it. Looking at you one moment one is reminded of something, say of Lucille as just now and the next of something quite different, of Puck for instance, and sometimes you look like a mummy."

"Why don't you call me a chameleon at once and have done? That would be better than a mummy. Now (thus do I repay her) she said to herself, "you remind me of Maud:

"'Oh, passionless, pale face,
Star sweet on a gloom divine.'"

"'She is coming, my own, my sweet;
Were it never so airy a tread
My heart would hear her and beat
Were it earth in an earthy bed;
My dust would hear her and beat
Had I lain for a century dead;
Would start and tremble under her feet
And blossom in purple and red.'"

A slight quiver passed over Constance's face.

"Bertha don't wear that mocking air of yours now, I want to talk to you. He said that to me the last time I ever saw him. He seemed so fond of me. Bertha, why did he go away like that and never say a word—Bertha, it has been six months and seven days now. He said—that last night—he bent over me and touched my bangs as if he were afraid of me; his eyes looked very tender behind his spectacles, worshipful. "Oh, passionless, pale face, star sweet," he said, "my heart would hear her and beat had I lain for a century dead." He seemed to mean it. He was coming over the next evening to bring me a book, Lubbock's Pleasures of Life. I sent him a note in the afternoon that he need only bring me the second volume; that was all. Surely he couldn't have been angry about that? And he never came; then I thought he would come the next day, and the next, but he never did. You remember all about it. I thought I must die if I could not see him; sometimes I thought he had fallen in love with one of his patients, and sometimes that he was too busy to come, but he had never been too busy before. Then, while reading the *Evening World*, I suddenly saw a horrible thing: 'Dr. Henry E. Rennie.' Just that name among one of three dozen members of the Scientific Society. They had sailed that morning for South America. Oh, Bertha, I could not have lived during those first few days that followed had it not been for you. Then I thought he might write. I have waited all these months. You think I am ungrateful enough to be unhappy with you here. Are you to blame that I can see only the dusty roads and not the green trees? Bertha, I wish you could upset this boat and let me drown—accidentally." A sob choked her voice and the tears came to her eyes.

"Now, Connie dearest," said Bertha, "feeling as you do it would do you no sort of good to drown, for no sooner would you get inside the pearly gates than you would commence to grumble about the music—I know you would. You would tell Gabriel that Gilmore's brass band beat his harps all hollow. He might not like that, Constance. Seriously, it grieves me exceedingly that I can tell, or even suspect what this. I have no doubt that Dr. Rennie was very fond of you, and from my knowledge of him, I do not believe him to be a liar or one who would love twice. There is something to be explained, depend upon it, and in the meantime, be glad that you are alive—that the blood flows and through your veins; that your right hand has not lost its cunning, or your brain its activity. Soon enough each will have returned to the dust from whence it came—and the soul to God who gave it," she added, gravely. "After all, it seems to me sometimes that a man is a trivial thing upon which to waste a soul. Anyway, Connie, the members of the Scientific Association cannot stay in South America—they will have to come back to attend to their patients; then you could avoid seeing your doctor, and an explanation must surely follow, Connie. You have a bite! Look sharp! Ugh," she added, as one of the lines floated to the surface without its spoon and sinker. "Pretty fishermen we are," and she was right. "We have drifted in-shore, where the line caught under a stone." Then she turned the boat sharply around and rowed out again.

"But, Bertha, it seems so cool there, under the shade of the trees; couldn't we beach the boat and sit there under the trees, with our lines in the water?"

"Why, yes, if you really wish it; only as far as the possibility of catching a fish is concerned, we might as well sit on the hill behind the house. Think of Elder Hitchcock, Connie, and endure the heat for his sake."

"Bertha," said Constance after a few minutes of silent fishing, "I heard you say once that a man couldn't be in love and do his work at the same time; do you believe that now?"

"I don't know," she answered after thinking a short time. "I guess that depends upon the kind of work and the kind of love:

"'I struggle toward the light, and ye
Once longed for mutual love
If with the light ye cannot be
I bear that ye remove.

"'I struggle toward the light, but oh,
While yet the night is chill,
Upon Time's barren, stormy flow,
Stay with me, Marguerite, still.'"

In the silence that followed Bertha repeated the last lines to herself, but said, "Stay with me, Robert still."

"It was well, Bertha, that you broke off your friendship with Robert Grey," said Constance, "I thought you cared for him once; I am glad that I was mistaken. He is not worthy of any good woman—an infidel and a drunkard."

Oh my broken god" thought Bertha as she returned Constance's smile "to people who worship other idols you are but a miserable image of clay; I must be a weak worshipper if my devotion cannot lift you."

"See the sun is long past noon" she said to Constance. "We really must eat our lunch."

"Can we not go ashore here? Look, where the point comes out: the reflection of the trees in the water gives such a delightful promise of coolness."

"No, Connie, we can't land there, I am sorry to say, the rocks would upset us in a twinkling. We might land a little further on if the heat is too great for you."

"Oh never mind; the trees do not seem to give much shade enough there to give much shade; then too I suppose we really ought not to lose the time from our fishing; Bertha, if it is so much happiness to fish, what must it be to catch a fish?"

"Never having caught a fish, I cannot tell you," answered Bertha as she laid down her oars and put the basket on the seat between them. "We will now strengthen our souls against the experience that awaits us; I am as hungry as a famished bear." Even Constance joined on with some impatience as Bertha lifted the lid. A napkin covered the contents. "Be careful in the way, I'll lift it up," whereupon it was raised disclosing, namely, two soft cooked eggs, mingled with two pieces of huckleberry pie; six ham sandwiches and two doughnuts saturated with honey from a dish that had lost its lid and liquid mustard from a bottle that had lost its stopper. Moreover, some of the water that had leaked from the bait pail had oozed in through the splints of the basket.

The girls looked at this lunch and then at each other.

"Well, Connie, help yourself."

"Don't you think we had better fish a little longer? You know we ought not to lose time."

"Well, perhaps we had; and perhaps, too, as we will eat the fishes after we have caught them we ought to fairly let them eat our lunch," whereupon it was raised disclosing, namely, two soft cooked eggs, mingled with two pieces of huckleberry pie; six ham sandwiches and two doughnuts saturated with honey from a dish that had lost its lid and liquid mustard from a bottle that had lost its stopper. Moreover, some of the water that had leaked from the bait pail had oozed in through the splints of the basket.

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"Perch! but you have no worms to bait them with."

"My dear Connie, I have bait more tempting than worms.

"What?"

"My purse."

The boat touched the little wooden pier, Bertha slipped the oars, stepped out upon the pier, fastened the boat and gave her hand to help her friend.

"I don't like to go, we look so."

"Nonsense! Who needs to look any better than she can in a gray flannel gown and broad hat when she goes a fishing?"

(To be Continued.)

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A Few Fly Remarks Concerning the Fly.

The fly is here. Likewise all his relatives on both sides of the family tree of humanity.

The fly seems to think that a North American summer would be a delusion and a snare without him. That is why he comes.

The fly is a social beast, loving the habitations of man. He also loves man himself, and especially the baldheaded variety thereof.

The fly ranks second among the promoters of profanity—the telephone standing first and the fountain pen a good third. Happy is the man who has no use for either.

Natural history sharps have named the fly musca domestica, but I think he is really more than that. At least I have heard more forcible language applied to him.

These gentlemen, after bestowing that designation on the fly, proceeded to take an inventory of his personal effects. They say that he carries a long spear, a buzz saw, a pair of sharp scissors, a stomach pump and a pint (or less) bottle of poison; also a whetstone or some such apparatus, with which he keeps his tools in a high state of efficiency.

The fly has one hundred and forty-three toenails to each foot, and as it has six feet you can figure up the total number of toenails yourself, or estimate them, when the fly is promenading on your cranial reservation, heedless of the sign, "Keep off the grass."

Then there are fly-wheels, fly screens, fly young men, out on-a-fly, fly-leaves, and fly-paper.

Fly-paper enjoys its largest circulation in the summer time.

In the winter its readers are few and its editors take a vacation.

Besides the flies enumerated above, we must not forget time flies.—*Pittsburg Chronicle.*

Going Fast.

Hood used to tell a story of a hypochondriac who was in the habit, two or three times a week, of believing himself dying. On a certain occasion he was taken ill with one of his terrors while riding out in his gig, and happening at the time to see in the road ahead his family physician riding in his carriage in the same direction, he applied the whip to his horse to overtake the old doctor as soon as he possibly could. The doctor, however, seeing him coming, applied the whip to his own horse, and as he had a nag that was considered a "goer," they had a close time of it for about three miles. But the hypochondriac, driving a fast horse, finally came alongside of the doctor, and exclaimed, "Hang it, doctor, pull up—pull up instantly. I am dying." "I think you are," cried the doctor; "I never saw any one going so fast."

Maria!

A few nights ago," said a man recently to a *Sun* reporter, "I came home from my business utterly exhausted, and went to bed at ten o'clock. Just at midnight I was awakened by the ring at the bell. I rushed down and found a boy with a telegram. With some anxiety I tore it open. It was from my wife, who is at the seaside, and read: 'Send me five yards of black-velvet ribbon, No. 9, at once.' 'Maria,' I said, as I slowly climbed the stairs, 'I don't always take you for a fool, but in cases like this the telegraph company ought to do something to protect a man.' Well, I clambered back to bed and got to sleep again, only to be awakened at two by another awful solo on the bell. A second time I crawled down stairs; a second boy, with another telegram. I opened this one. Again my wife: 'Do go over to mother's and sleep to-night,' it said; 'I am sure you will sleep better.' 'Maria,' I said again—then I stopped saying and only thought."

Naming the Dog.

Tourist (with a dog and luggage at Fire Island)—Can I get you to carry my valise, camera, sticks, *et cetera*, up to the Surf House?

Beach-comber (hesitatingly)—Et Settry won't bite, will he?—*Puck.*

Hard on the Poodle.

There are about half a dozen ways of trimming a poodle. I had a short conversation with a poodle trimmer the other day. Poodles are the most pampered dogs in existence. A good poodle is worth about £20, and when its owner gets him first she immediately begins to make designs on his back. Thus a poodle is sometimes ornamented with stars or diamonds, or stripes of fur. The little knobs on his tail and legs are cut as a matter of course. Sometimes he will have a rope of fur over his otherwise offensively bare back, or a diamond will ornament the middle of his spine. The fashionable color of a poodle is black, but as nature won't attend to fashion a poodle has sometimes to be dyed. Brilliantine is used for this purpose. When rain comes, of course the dyed poodle must be hurried home.—*Pall Mall Budget.*

Ironical Significance.

De Suite—Where did you get your clothes, Harry?

Harry—Saltator's. But why do you ask? He only does a cash business.—*Puck.*

He Thought He Was Already There.

Rev. Mr. Brown of Norwich, Conn., was very eccentric and used sometimes to lose his way in fits of abstraction. He was also so good-natured that people might say anything they pleased to him.

One day he strayed among some of his parishioners, who were burning charcoal, but were so blackened that he did not recognize a single one of them.

"Can you tell me," said he, "who I am, where I am from and whither I am going?"

"Oh, yes," said they, "you are Parson Brown, you come from Norwich and you are going to hell."

The parson replied, drily, "From the looks of the inhabitants, I should say I had already got there."—*N. Y. Mercury.*

Why the Wood Was Tougher.

"Well," said the old man to the boy at the woodpile, "what are you sweating and grunting so about? You can fly around like a colt when you're playing with the boys, but the moment I mention woodpile, you're clean gone at once, a'n't you?"

"But, pop," said the boy, "this wood is awfully hard."

"Hard; why, in my day I used to saw up a cord a day and didn't make any fuss about it either."

"But, pop, this wood is tougher than it was in your day; for it's fifty years older, you know."

Pop gave him a fifteen minutes' reprieve for his smartness and advised him to look out for brain fever.

Surprised to Death.

Algernon—Angelina, darling, will you do me the great pleasure of going with me into the adjacent ice cream parlors and partaking of a plate or two of the delicious confection flavored with chocolate, lemon, strawberry, or vanilla, as you prefer?

Angelina—Thank you, dearest, but I never eat ice-cream.

Algernon falls on the walk with a dull, sickening thud, and later the conclave of physicians pronounced it a case of heart failure.—*Boston Courier.*

He Was a Child.

Conductor (to Mose Einstein, who is standing)—Fare, please.

Einstein—But I was nod sidding.

"That makes no difference."

"Don't id? Vy, dot notiss says, shildren oggupying seats vill be charged full fare."

"But you are not a child?"

"Yes, I vos. I vos one ov der shildren of Israel."—*Bostonian.*

Her Choice of Hammock.

Sweet Sixteen—Have you hammocks for sale?

Salesman—Yes, mum; double or single?

Sweet Sixteen (blushing furiously)—Why—eh—well let me see; oh, yes, Cousin Nell is coming to visit me shortly, so I guess I'll take double one, and the salesman wrapped up a large smile in the bundle as he made the sale.

A Soleful Story.

Here is the last of a shoemaker, beyond which let no cobbler go.

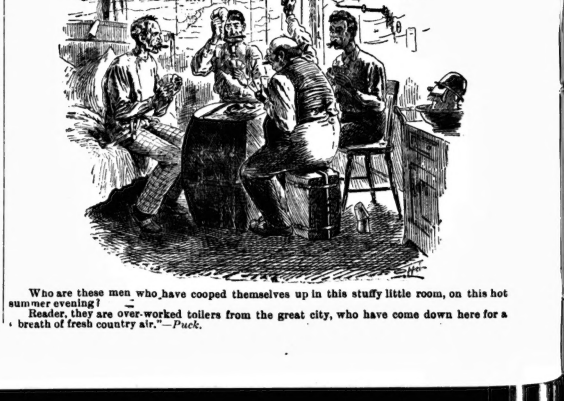
A lady complaining that the soles of her shoes were too thick, the artful manufacturer said to her:

"Is that your only objection to them, madam?"

"It is," the lady replied.

"Well, then, madam, if you take them, I think I can assure you that you will find that objection gradually wear away."

Some People's Vacations.



Who are these men who have cooped themselves up in this stuffy little room, on this hot summer evening?

Reader, they are over-worked toilers from the great city, who have come down here for a breath of fresh country air."—*Puck.*

Out of Egypt.

When Abraham Lincoln set the slaves of my father's Maryland household free, he left me bound—bound with a double chain of pride and prejudice to old traditions and old habits, and hugging the fetters which no process of law could disannul. I had been very rich, and I was very poor. Between the iron clasps that bound together had and now, what misery lay—war, famine, pestilence, poverty! The first three had done their worst, and gone; the last, gaunt and melancholy, sat down on my desolate hearthstone and promised me his perpetual companionship. It did not seem to me at that time that I could help it. Work or beggary was the only avenue of escape, and I fancied one was just as disreputable as the other. Nor did it help me to see my companions gradually abandoning their principles. Emily Latrobe had gone school-teaching; Julia Home was helping her mother to keep a boarding-house. Even Richard, who had always sworn I was perfect, began to listen silently, and to shake his head at what he called my "impracticable views."

"I'll tell you what it is, Lulu," he replied one night, after I had been talking a great deal about Emily's degradation: "old Latrobe was as grand a gentleman as I shall ever see again, and Emily as dainty a little lady; but it was either work or starve with her."

"Then she ought to have starved. Many of the old French nobility did do it, rather than degrade their order."

"Stuff, Lulu! We are nearly a century older now, and we know better. Besides, I tried starving in camp in Virginia last year, and it is hard work. And, what is more, if business does not come soon, I shall pull down my shingle and teach or preach, or do any kind of work I can get to do."

"Very well, sir. In that case, our engagement would terminate."

We had many such disputes, and Richard grew graver and sadder each time; while Emily's and Julia's new dresses and bright faces continually irritated me. They began to give advice: I was a splendid musician. Why did I not try and make a little money?

"Make a little money!" I replied, scornfully. "Make money and lose my self-respect! The Pelhams never worked for their living."

"Well," said Emily, "I think it is time you began to redeem their character. Come, Lulu; Mrs. Home says you can have Nettie to begin with."

My message to Mrs. Home was not a flattering one, and a few more such conversations broke up the friendship of a lifetime.

One night, while still smarting from some such *rencontre*, I saw Richard coming up the avenue. What a lazy grace was in his supple form! What slumbering power in his magnificent length and strength of limb! And when he came closer, I saw the fire of a new purpose in his eye. This purpose was to abandon his profession, and accept a situation in New York which a friend had procured him. I was amazed and indignant. "Go into trade, Richard, what nonsense!" We had many bitter words; and when he went with a sad heart but resolute step from my presence, I knew that I had sealed my own misery.

After Richard's departure, I went out less and less, and daily grew more and more unlike the society around me, which was changing continually, as it assimilated itself to the new order of everything. But in 1870 I stood where I had stood in 1860—a relic of a class which would soon be a tradition. In the first week of 1870, however, a fire occured, which destroyed my sole remaining property, the rent of which was my only means of procuring actual bread. I had now a chance to put my fine theories into practice, and starve; but, such a *dernier ressort* never occured to me. That fire seemed to liberate all the latent energy and power of my nature. I took prompt and rapid counsel with myself, and determined at once to break away from every old association: to come to New York and teach, or sew, or write, or any other honest thing my hands found to do. Perhaps some hope of meeting Richard again was at the foundation of this resolve; but if so, I did not acknowledge it, though I had been longing for any excuse which would enable me to renew our old relation. Pride now was my motive, I followed out my design, though for many long, weary weeks nothing prospered with me. Work was very hard to get, and when I had succeeded, I was in actual want before my first quarter's salary was due. I suffered so much, that I began to be afraid of my own pale, thin face, and of the hunted look in my eyes, and to solemnly wonder, if I should die in the night, whether Richard would hear of it, and bury me decently. But when the tide has ebbed quite out, then it begins to flow again.

One night, as I came up Broadway, faint and weary, and wondering how much longer I should be able to suffer, some one put his hand upon my shoulder from behind, and cried out, with a great pity: "Oh, Lulu! Lulu, darling! I knew it was Richard, but I was too faint and sick to do more than look into his face and put my hand in his. He placed me in a carriage and took me somewhere, I don't know where, but the light and warmth and comfort seemed Paradise; and he got me wine and food, and pretty soon I had made a clean breast of all my mistakes and sufferings. A great temptation came to me when he asked where I lived. For a moment the mean, miserable thought of hiding my real residence urged me; but only for a moment. The next one, I looked him steadily in the face, and said, frankly: "My home, Richard, is in a small room on a third floor in Bleecker street." I am sure he knew how much it cost me to say this, for he flushed with pleasure as he answered: "You dear, brave little woman!" Then he put my arm in his, and walked with me to my abode.

With that confession the last link of my chain fell from me. The sting of poverty is in being ashamed of it.

We were not married until the summer vacation; for I was determined to show Richard that I had learned the obligation of business arrangements. Our home was quite down town, and I dare say fashionable people would not acknowledge that they had ever heard of such a place; but we had three bright, pretty rooms there, and it was near to Richard's place of business, and quite accessible to those whose friendship is not limited by localities. I suppose you will say that I only came out of one bondage to go into another. Well, that was twenty years ago, but Richard is a better master to me than ever I was to myself. I have never felt my bonds, and I look upon the little gold emblem of my captivity with more love and respect than if it was an amulet of the saints.

Should Married People Open Each Other's Letters?

A woman writing to *Tit-Bits* on the above subject says: "I am glad that you have opened your columns to the discussion of this subject. I am a married woman, fortunately living on terms of the greatest affection and happiness with my husband. I have the most absolute confidence in him, and I believe he has the most absolute confidence in me, but by mutual consent we leave one another's letters alone. This might look at first sight as though there was a certain amount of estrangement between us, and, indeed, some of my married lady friends have commented upon it as bearing that construction, but I think I can show you that it is not so.

"I am, though by no means advanced in life, what is called a "motherly body," and am consulted by young girls and other female friends on all sorts of difficult questions, with regard to which they desire my advice. Love affairs and what not are occasionally disclosed to me in the letters which I receive, but if my correspondents had the slightest idea that any other eyes except my own would read their letters, they would not think of writing them. In one or two cases of old schoolmates who live at a distance, they would, therefore, be deprived of consulting with me altogether.

"This in itself may not appear to be a very strong argument, but it must show a case in which it is very desirable that the husband should not open the wife's letters, even though there may be the most perfect accord in the home circle. Another thing that I have not seen advanced is that there is always a certain indescribable charm in breaking open a letter. The sense of curiosity and interest is aroused if you have to break the seal, but if the letter has been read by someone else, and is lying open on the table, one half of the curiosity and interest seems somehow or other, rightly or wrongly, to evaporate.

"Under these circumstances, Mr. Editor, and with all respect to those who hold opposite views, I beg to say that I think that married people ought not to open each other's letters."

Some Wealthy Women.

Considering that two hundred and twenty-five millions of property in the United States is possessed and controlled by twenty-seven women, one might argue that parents should give their daughters as thorough a business education as they accord their sons. No one with girls to raise can tell, in this democratic country, where fortunes may shift like quicksilver, whether at some future time they may not have vast sums of money to control. In every city, North and South, one finds among the wealthiest inhabitants, widows and daughters of millionaires, men who manifest beautiful confidence in their womenkind by leaving them entirely untrammelled in the disposition of their property. No account is taken of those worth less than a million, and unfortunately, this is the class which stands most in need of financial training. When a fortune rises to the dignity of seven naughts, little danger remains. That bulk of money is too formidable to be dissipated, and, unless abused with unparalleled recklessness, accumulates riches by means of its own magnitude. Mrs. Hetty Green, of New York, is, of course, at the head of the list of twenty-seven, being credited with a fortune of $40,000,000 in her own right; Miss Elizabeth Garrett comes next, with $20,000,000; Mrs. Terry, $20,000,000; Mrs. Mark Hopkins, $20,000,000; Mrs. Edwin Stevens, $15,000,000; Mrs. John C. Green, $10,000,000; Mrs. Cyrus H. McCormick, of Chicago, $10,000,000; Mrs. John Jacob Astor, $8,000,000; Mrs. John Ray Burton, of Philadelphia, $7,000,000; Mrs. Thomas A. Scott, widow of the railroad president, $5,000,000; while Mrs. Joseph Harrison, Mrs. Josephine Ayer, Mrs. Jane Brown, Mrs. W. E. Dodge, and the daughters of Francis A. Drexel of Philadelphia are worth $4,000,000 each. Mrs. Robert Goelet and Mrs. Jaye pay taxes on $3,000,000 apiece. Mrs. John Minturn, Mrs. Commodore Vanderbilt, Mrs. M. W. Baldwin, and Miss Clothilde Palms, the Detroit beauty, all confess to fortunes of $2,000,000, with Mrs. Martin Bates, Mrs. Disston, Mrs. Charles Bromley, Mrs. Patten, and scores of others ranked as owners of one million each. It remains for Mrs. Terry's baby daughter, not over three years old, to distance all competitors with wealth in her own right, valued at $50,000,000. Next to making a fortune, the hardest thing to do is to keep it, and in the commercial colleges scattered all over the country girls should, who later on are to hold the wealth, show as large a per cent. among the students as the boys who are expected to amass it.

A Call on a Country Editor.

Stranger (to editor)—I dropped in this morning to see you in regard to placing an advertisement in your paper.

Country editor (rubbing his hands)—Yes, sir; be seated, sir.

Stranger—I like your paper. I like its principles and the bold stand it takes on the subject of Temperance, and——

Country editor—You will find our rates for advertising low as——

Stranger—I like its independence, its attitude respecting the sacredness of the Sabbath, its fight for the poor and its noble, fearless denunciation of the rich and the mighty, its——

Country editor—Yes, sir, an ad. placed in our paper will be read by thousands——

Stranger—In excluding from your columns, sir, everything of a sensational nature, or that which cannot be read by every member of the household without bringing the mantling blush of shame, you set an example, sir, to the newspapers of this country that cannot but bear fruit, and——

Country editor—Well, about that advertisement you were——

Stranger—The mission of your journal, sir, is a noble one. "Upward and onward" is a glorious sentiment. In putting aside all sordid thoughts of gain, and battling for truth and justice alone, you elevate your paper, sir, to the highest realms of journalism, and——

Country editor—About how much space will your advertisement occupy?

Stranger—Well, I am not quite prepared to say this morning. I happened to be passing through your beautiful little town and thought I would step in and get your rates. If you will kindly state in your next issue that Mr. Obadiah R. Tomlinson, a prominent citizen of Cityhurst, spent a few hours in town last week and made us a pleasant call, and send me a marked copy of the paper, I will be very much obliged to you, sir. Good morning.—*Tit-Bits.*

The Queen's Account.

An account of the murder of Rizzio, written by Mary Queen of Scots herself, to the French king, has been found in the Venetian archives. She says that the Earl of Morton and Lord Lindsay, with their followers, took possession of the palace, and Lord Ruthven, fully armed, forced his way into her apartments. "Perceiving our secretary, David Riccio, there, with other servants of ours," she continues, "he said he desired to speak with him immediately. At the same moment we inquired of the king, our husband, if he knew anything concerning this proceeding, and when he answered in the negative, we ordered Lord Ruthven to quit our presence under penalty of being deemed a traitor, and said that we would deal with David Riccio, and cause him to be punished if he had been guilty of any offence. Nevertheless, Lord Ruthven, by force, in our presence, seized David who, for his safety and defence, had retired behind our person, and a portion of Ruthven's followers surrounding us with arquebuses in hand and muzzles levelled, dragged David with great cruelty forth from our cabinet, and, at the entrance of our chamber, dealt him fifty-six dagger wounds, at which act we remained not only wonder-stricken and astounded, but had great cause to fear for our own life."—*The Illustrated American.*

Liars Should Have Good Memories.

Mrs. Brown—I had to cook that fish at once, as I was afraid it wouldn't keep.

Brown—Geewhiz! I'll go right down to the market and give that man a piece of my mind.

Mrs. Brown—Hold on, my dear; it was the fish you caught yourself this afternoon.—*Harper's Bazar.*

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Those elegant costumes seen in the show rooms of our leading merchants are often beautifully "Feather stitched" by hand. Examination shows that the work is done with No. 300 Florence Knitting Silk, thus securing beauty, durability and economy. Every enterprising dealer sells it, but if your dealer does not have it in stock, send the price (75c. per ounce—38c. per ball) in postage stamps to

Corticelli Silk Co., St. Johns, Que.

and you will receive it by return post.

Unfortunately Featured.

Dealer—You couldn't do better than to invest in a lot. The property is sure to double in a year.

Mrs. Caughan—Lave us go, Mike. Av that ain't th' king o' th' mesquitos, O'm a nanny-goat!—*Judge.*

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Stimulate the Liver

and quicken the appetite. Ayer's Pills promptly relieve Headache, and are the best cathartic I know of.—George O. Williams, West Meriden, Conn.

During the spring of 1877 a disagreeable taste in my mouth entirely destroyed my appetite. My tongue was thickly coated, and what little food I ate distressed me. Believing my trouble to originate in a disordered liver, I commenced taking Ayer's Cathartic Pills. I felt an improvement after the operation of the first dose. I continued their use in diminished quantities, for a short time, and am satisfied that these Pills have completely cured me.—Sophie Harmon, Biddeford, Me.

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Music.

Have you heard that there is a row in the Vocal Society? It is a very pretty one, between a committee and a decapitated conductor. Each side has its warm partisans, some of whom are moderate and fair-worded, and some of them are the reverse. Leaving out of account the absurd claims that are put forth—on one side especially—it is good fun to watch the fight and see what negative statements are made. The committee says Mr. Haslam is not the conductor of the Society; that the ordinary members of the Society have no corporate existence; that the life of the chorus ends each year with the last concert; that the members of last season cannot even be sure of being members next year, as some must have their voices tried again, and that the committee is the only spirit of Vocal Society life that passes on from season to season. The adherents of Mr. Haslam say that the committee does not represent the Society; that it still less represents the feeling of the Society; that it is not a committee at all; that it is only "a so-called committee" (how cruel!); that Mr. Buck is not the conductor of the Society, and so on. It is certainly a matter for regret that the unity which should characterize such a society has been lost, for there can be no doubt that Mr. Haslam has done good work with the Society. The singing of the chorus has always been good, especially so two years ago, and we have been interested in a class of music which has been for a long time neglected in Toronto. Mr. Haslam has shown a great fitness for conducting this music, and has made himself very popular with his chorus, though he has had this friction with his committee.

*

But it is generally found that a committee is a handy thing to have about the house to pay bills and perform other functions of a like kind, and this particular committee has also done good work in floating and perpetuating the Society and establishing it on what was until a week ago, a firm basis. Peaceful counsels should have prevailed. Conductor and committee are alike a mutual necessity. As it is, the committee has the constitution on its side and has acted within its powers, though its action displeases a large section of the Society, and as its members are gentlemen of good sense and energy we may shortly see a Toronto Vocal Society with a partially new membership, and Mr. Buck can show what stuff he is made of. Nor is it to be supposed that Mr. Haslam's ambition will allow him to do without a society, so that there will probably be two organizations for the performance of part songs. This means two subscription lists, and right here is where the difficulties will begin. Subscribers and money will have to be found, and committees may be found useful after all, and if useful, will have to be conceded to. In the meantime Mr. W. Edgar Buck's cards are out, announcing himself "Conductor of the Toronto Vocal Society." It will now be in order for Mr. Haslam to get out a card announcing himself as the other conductor of the Toronto Vocal Society.

*

Miss Attalie Claire, the young Torontonian who sang here with Mme. Albani, has been very successful in English opera with the Morrissey company at the Grand Opera House, New York. On closing her season there, she sailed for England, where she has signed a contract with the Carl Rosa Opera Company for principal parts. The New York papers speak in the highest terms of Miss Claire's performances, and all her friends here will hope that she may be equally successful in England.

*

Mr. Arthur H. Greene, organist of the Parkdale Presbyterian church, has been appointed organist and choirmaster of the new Bloor street Presbyterian church and will take up his duties there in a few days. METRONOME.

The Drama.

Perhaps the most observant of you may have perceived that for some weeks past the dramatic editor has not tortured his intellect overmuch in an unwearied effort to dilate on matters theatrical. It may have been thought that after the labors of the season he had retired to some cool retreat within sound of the sad sea waves, there to dip his pen in Heliconian waters and produce a great play—to add another one to the ten thousand and two with which the managers of America are already afflicted. As a matter of fact he did not. There are few, I am told, who are called upon to study and write about dramatic events that do not feel, sooner or later, that they have succeeded to the mantles of Shakespeare and Molière. It is not to be wondered at. If a young person in such a position, with the fires of an honorable ambition burning within, does not feel that the honor of contributing a classic to the literature of the drama is sufficient, there is the additional incentive of pecuniary profit always held before his or her gaze. When one is dabbling in drama, even in the smallest way, and hears and reads of the fortunes which a successful play makes, not only for its authors, but for half a dozen others as well, it requires some philosophy to restrain one's self from making an attempt to win the Midas-touch of the successful dramatist. When it is considered that the greed of gain and the greed of fame, two of the most potent springs of human action, combine to urge on the would-be dramatist, the wonder is, not that the plays should be ten thousand and two, but that they should not have been multiplied ten-fold. Probably the explanation lies in the hopelessness of the task. Writing a bad play is just as hard work as writing a good play, and either of them is no picnic under the greenwood tree. No matter how great the reward dangled before the hypnotised gaze, no one likes to strive blindly against an uncertain fate. This is what is asked of the vast circle of writers who are outside the pale of the actual theatrical life. The most successful writers of drama to-day have an intimate acquaintance with the mechanical necessities of the stage or else work in conjunction with a person possessing such knowledge. They have as keen an eye for entrances, exits and groupings as they have for climaxes and figures of speech. The lack of this knowledge, which of necessity can only be possessed by the few, is one of the great discouragers of embryo dramatic genius. Writing a play without a knowledge of stage business is almost certain to be useless labor except as a mental exercise. A manager is usually blind to all other excellence if a play cannot be put on the stage without being entirely remodelled. Again, few plays are possessed of such intrinsic merit as to make it worth while going to the trouble of doing them over. Many good plays are rejected by managers on account of their mechanical unfitness for the stage, just as many good manuscripts are rejected by editors on account of their illegible writing and slovenly appearance. But in this, as in all other lines of endeavor, there is still and always will be plenty of room for good work, and if any of our ambitious young writers wish to win fame and fortune by wielding the dramatic pen, the way is as clear to them as it once was to those who are now within the "charmed circle." Conscientious study and labor will enable talent to do the same things.

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The other day, being off for a trip "on the cars," I went to see the old homestead. It was not Denman Thompson's Old Homestead, however, but the homestead of mine own ancestral line on a concession of one of the back townships of Western Ontario. You can imagine it was somewhat different from the homestead of the stage. The grass was just cut and the air was fragrant with a new-mown hay perfume that did not come from bottles. It was exhaled from the cells of a million blossoms and borne on a thousand breezes to refresh lungs sick of the dusty and gas poisoned air of cities and nostrils surfeited with the odors of artificial perfumes. The wagons rumbled barnwards with load after load of the fragrant and succulent stuff. Behind the heaped-up meadow and the yellowing field of wheat rose the forest of maple and beech and elms which stood head and shoulders above them all. No trick of cunning artificer was here, no garish glare of footlights, or optical tricks to delude the eye. The sinking sun touched up points of foliage with a soft light, while behind were the deep, cool, dark shadows, until the forest looked like serried and terraced volumes of foliage as soft and downy as the cream on the summit of a wave. The restful spirit of nature pervaded all the air and a hush seemed to fall on the feverish unrest of man as the dew formed silently on grass and leaf. The noises which smote the ear but served to accentuate the majestic stillness of Nature, silent, powerful, supreme over all the restless fret and fume of the human life within it.

*

This was one of Nature's sittings for the stage of life. Amid those magnificent surroundings I found the actors at their work. Toiling from sunrise till dark, burning beneath rays of a July sun, wresting from the earth their sustenance with pain and sweat and weariness, without time and without the spirit to dwell on the beauty of their surroundings, they struggle with their part often without realizing half its capabilities. To them the smell of the hayfield calls up no sensation but work. They regard a field of ripening wheat with few emotions except a lively sense of the amount of work it will take to reap it and store it, or how much its value will add to their means of subsistence. Any one who has worked on a farm will realize the truth of this. It takes years to eradicate it. Life on this stage, with all the magnificence of its setting is narrowing. One naturally thinks that the majesty of nature constantly before them, with all the wonders of the season's change, would cause their minds to expand and broaden until every hired man should be an incipient Cato. How different is it! There lies the pathos of a hard struggle for existence. Those who would dispel illusions of the joys and ease of a bucolic life need only to read the story of care and anxiety and hard work that is written in the facts and best forms of the men and the women, whose lives have been passed on the farm.

*

How little of the theatrical is there in such a life as this! There is a great drama going on all the time, but it is slower than a Chinese play. Its uneventful surface is rippled with a situation only at long intervals—a climax more rarely. Its great charm is in its characterization, for the country is a great place for developing characters, which are at once quaint, curious and interesting. This play, though possessing some comedy features, runs too much unfortunately in tragic lines. The boys didn't stand by the well-sweep and sing songs for me when I was out there. They were too tired for that. They did not feel like a song and dance in the stable, and the beauties of Nature didn't seem to affect them. No, this is not the drama that would suit the multitude. There is a treasure of interest in it for you people who like to think and study, but it's too slow to be popular. The McGinty element is too scarce in it, and the serious element too visible. Life here is a long, hard pull to the shore. The life that is like running a rapid is what the theater demands. VAN.

Flowers and Fetes.

At church a woman ought to wear violets; at the theater roses; in the drawing-room camellias; on the race course pansies in full bloom—that is, a crescendo of four degrees: modest, alert, expansive, explosive!

Education and Beauty.

It may even be doubted, strange as many will deem the assertion, whether continuous education will produce beauty, whether the growth of intelligence will even in ages yield the physical result which we notice the authors of Utopias always assume, as if it were a demonstrable consequence of the new society.

The most beautiful black race in Africa, a tribe in Nyassaland, on whose looks even missionaries grow eloquent, who are really as perfect as bronze statues, are as ignorant as fishes, and, though they have discovered the use of fire, have never risen to the conception of clothes of any kind. The Otaheitan, when discovered, was as uncultured as the Papuan now is, yet the former approached as nearly to positive beauty as the latter does to positive deformity. The keenest race in Asia, and, as all who know them assert, the strongest in character, the Chinese, is decidedly the ugliest of mankind; while the Hindoo, if sufficiently fed, is even, when as ignorant as an animal, almost invariably handsome.

The Circassians, who know nothing, and are rather stupid than exceptionally intelligent, are physically a faultless race, far more so than the Germans, who, though the best trained people in the world, display a marked commonness of feature, as if the great sculptor Nature had used good clay, but taken no trouble about the modelling. Some of the very ablest among them belong to the flat-nosed, puffy-cheeked, loose-lipped variety.

The keenest race in the world, and probably the one most susceptible of culture, the Jew, presents few types of beauty, being usually at once hooked-nose and flabby cheeked, though in physique, as in thought, that race occasionally throws out transcendent examples. The tanned Arabs of Egypt, who seem to possess poor brains, and, of course, have no education, are often extraordinarily handsome; while in 1860 the grandest head in Asia, a head which every artist copied as his ideal of Jove, belonged to an Arab horse dealer, who, outside his trade, knew nothing.

No modern men of culture would pretend, in mere perfectness of form, to rival the old Greek athletes, who intellectually were probably animals, or the Berserkars, who were for the most part only hard-drinking soldiers. The royal caste, which has been cultivated for a thousand years, seldom produces beautiful men, and still seldomer beautiful women; most princesses, though sometimes dignified, having been marked, as to features, by a certain ordinariness often wanting in the poor, and especially the poor of certain districts, like Devon in England, and Arles and Marseilles in France. Devon is no better taught than Suffolk, but mark the difference in peasant faces. In the last century the ablest men in Europe were remarkable for a certain superfluity of flesh of which Gibbon's face is the best known and most absurd example; and in our own time, intellect, even hereditary intellect, is constantly found dissociated from good looks, and even from distinction, some of the ablest men being externally heavy and gross, and some of the ablest women marked by an indefiniteness of cheek and chin as if they had been carved by the fingers in putty. No stranger ever saw Tennyson without turning round, but Browning would have passed unnoticed in any English or Austrian crowd.

The air of physical refinement, which is what continuous culture should give, is precisely the air which is often lacking among the cultivated, as it is also in many aristocratic families. Indeed, though caste must mean more or less hereditary culture, it is doubtful if it secures beauty. It does not in the royal houses, and in any regiment, though an officer of two will probably stand first, the proportion of splendid men will be found greater among the non-commissioned than the commissioned officers. Science can no more make a Circassian than a one-legged race, and the physical attributes, like the grace of God, are independent of thinking. If they were not we should some day have a race of heroes indeed, stalking among lesser men as Kingsley depicts his Goths stalking among the far more quick-witted and better cultivated Alexandrians. An entire race like Alexander the Great, the man in whom, of all mankind, brain power and physique were united in their highest perfectness, would soon be more intolerable than the Venetian aristocracy whom Mr. Disraeli derided, denounced and worshipped.—*The Spectator.*

Realism in Fiction.

When Thackeray wrote that most delightful of novels, The Newcomes, he would in all probability have been exceedingly surprised had anyone ventured to predict that long after his decease an animated newspaper controversy would take place as to which particular establishment (it appears there were several in existence at the period) he had in his mind when he penned the graphic description of the gallant old colonel's disgust at the style of song which he and his young companion, Pendennis, heard on the memorable occasion of their visit to a certain "cave of harmony."

The above, which happens to be one of the most recent instances, may be taken as a fair example of the desire which animates a large section of the reading class of the community (and who does not read nowadays?) to fix, if they possibly can, with scrupulous exactness, the precise spot or locality, where the incidents narrated in a popular novel or story must—so they assert—have occurred, although in very many instances probably the writers of the narrative had not been at any special pains to single out any particular spot or establishment, but based their descriptions on general associations and impressions derived from time to time.

This, however, will not satisfy the reader whose literary fare is confined almost entirely to fiction, and he or she will spare no efforts to prove conclusively (if possible) that when such and such an author alluded to such and such place, he must have meant so and so, and nowhere else.

For this reason, to a certain extent, probably, may be traced the enormous popularity enjoyed by Dickens' works, as his readers cannot fail to have observed how he was wont to impart a very strong local coloring to his stories, and many of his characters had a counterpart in real life. As a matter of fact, he used to make a point of studying interesting specimens of human nature in all sorts of odd corners and out-of-the way places, with a view to reproduction in his novels and stories; and it would take a long list to show the numerous characters in his writings which he himself admitted were thinly veiled sketches of living men, women and children. At this distance of time it would be extremely interesting to the curious in such matters to know how, when, and where he collected the material for his Sketches by Boz.

Speaking generally, in laying the scene for the plot of a novel, it is obvious that in the majority of instances the author must have some particular district, or locality, before his mental vision; and many writers, we believe, make a regular practice of writing their MS. in the immediate spot they have selected, so as to be able to impart the necessary touches of local coloring as their story proceeds; but in by far the greater number of cases the various characters introduced have no living counterparts, at least as far as the writer is aware, but are evolved as occasion requires out of his or her brain; and yet it is probably pretty safe to assert that a novelist, who has achieved even a moderate amount of success, have entirely escaped the imputation of having deliberately, and of malice prepense, delineated the peculiarities and idiosyncrasies of some one or other amongst the circle of their friends or acquaintances, or what is quite as probable, those of some complete stranger, of whose existence even they have not so much as been aware until it has been brought to their notice by an irate inquiry.

One of the most striking instances of this kind occurred to the late Mr. Anthony Trollope, who in one of his novels portrayed, amongst other characters, an invalid gentleman, one of whose marked peculiarities was, that he invariably weighed, at table, all his food before consuming it.

Now to the ordinary mind this could hardly fail to commend itself as a brilliant stroke of inventive genius of the highest order, but as a matter of fact, almost before the novel in question had issued from the publisher's hands, the luckless author received an indignant letter from a gentleman (of whose very existence he solemnly averred he was unaware) complaining of the unwarrantable liberty which had been taken in exposing to public ridicule one of the details of his private life. After this the whole corporate body of fiction writers might well exclaim: "Our task is an impossible one, seeing that there is no new thing under the sun."

Numerous instances of a similar nature to the above—some of them almost equally astounding—might be adduced, but the one we have given is certainly sufficiently curious to suffice our purpose.

The fact of novelists having at times become so deeply interested in the fates and fortunes of the heroes and heroines of their brain creation as to have grown devotedly attached to them as if they were living personages, and to have experienced poignant grief when obliged for the proper development of their stories to terminate their existence, has already been noticed in this journal; but in the case of readers of fiction the conditions are so totally dissimilar as to make it almost impossible to realize that in some instances they can become so absorbed in the fictitious woes of imaginary individuals, as to appeal to the authors of stories appearing in serial form not to "kill them off," as the saying is; and yet we have good reason to know that it is so.

Nor does this heartrending appeal for mercy emanate from members of the fair sex alone, although they undoubtedly predominate in such cases.

Probably, however, the most extraordinary instance of the kind, and one, we should imagine, without a parallel, was that in which an appeal of this sort was made by some friends of a lady in a delicate state of health to a well-known writer, one of whose decidedly sensational stories at the time appearing in serial form, beseeching him on no account to terminate the existence of the heroine by violent means, adding that if he did so, so great and absorbing was the interest taken in the story by the invalid lady in question, that they feared the shock might prove fatal to her!

And yet it is frequently stated that in the present go-ahead age there is no such a thing as romance!—*London Tit-Bits.*

A New Method.

They expected the hot weather, and were discussing lemonade.

Tommy—Ah, you should see the funny way that Mr. Smith and sister make lemonade.

Mother—How, darling?

"Why—it's no good nodding, sister, it ain't no secret—why, sister holds the lemon, and Mr. Smith squeezes her!"

How They Drink It.

Women drink wine, not to quench thirst, but to render a meal more delectable. The glass is lifted to the pretty red lips to gratify a delicate taste, not to satisfy a clamorous appetite. It is enjoyed as much because of its color, the amber or red or gold, because of its bouquet and the fresh thought it brings of the vines in the sunshine, as because of its warm, sweet taste, and the perfume one drinks with the red drops themselves. The lift of the glass should be steady and slow, and the hand as daintily held as the frail glass its fingers clasp; the lips touch the rim as they might kiss the upturned mouth of a child, and the glass is returned to the table, its contents just lessened, not drained. The whole act is as dainty, as feminine, as pretty as the breathing of a flower's perfume might have been.

Much Needed.

Edith—Jack says he is not the proper sort of man to marry sister Nell.

Jack (Edith's lover)—No, he's a perfect dead beat.

Papa—What do you mean by that?

Jack—Well, he came to college without a cent and has literally sponged his way through.

Papa—Smart enough to do it for four years, eh?

Jack—Yes, the scoundrel!

Papa—Well, he can have her then. We want one smart man in the family.—*Munsey's Weekly.*

Consoling.

Old lady (to driver of growler)—Now, driver, I want you to go very carefully.

"Certainly, mum."

"And not go racing with other cabs."

"No, mum."

"And not go around the corners quickly."

"No, mum."

After the job, old lady, handing him a shilling for himself, said:

"You have driven me very carefully and well, and here is a shilling for you; have you driven a cab all your life?"

"Not if I could get a drive a hearse, and blest if I don't go back to it; it's a better game than this. I hope I'll drive yer again, mum."

Costly Merchandise.

Mrs. De Lace—This paper says that every pound of ivory in the market represents a human life.

Mr. De L.—That's almost as bad as the whalebone industry.

Mrs. De L.—Is whale fishing so very dangerous?

Mr. De L.—No, that is safe enough, but think of the women the whalebones kill.—*N. Y. Weekly.*

A Home Body.

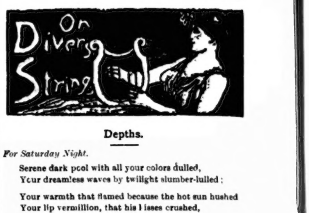
Winkers—I haven't seen you at the club for a week. You seem to have become a great home body lately.

Blinkers—Yes. Wife's away.

A Treasure.

Mrs. Winks—What kind of a girl have you now?

Mrs. Minks—A very nice one—ever so much nicer than the others. She doesn't seem to object to having us live in the house with her at all.



Depths.

For Saturday Night.

Serene dark pool with all your colors dulled,
Your dreamless waves by twilight slumber-lulled;

Your warmth that flamed because the hot sun hushed
Your lip vermillion, that his kisses crushed,

Wan are the tints he left of gold and gem
For dusk's soft, cloudy grays have smothered them.

Where yonder shore's tree-terraced outlines melt,
The shadows circle like a velvet belt.

And down, far down within the sable deep
A white star-soul awakens from its sleep.

O! little lake with nightfall interlink't,
Your darkling shores, your margin indistinct—

More in your depth's uncertainty there lies
Than when you image all the sunset dyes.

Like to the poet's soul, you seem to be
A depth no hand can touch, no eye can see,

And melancholy's dusky clouds drift thro'
The singer's songs, as twilight drifts o'er you.

O! life that saddens to the colors fled,
Within your depths a diamond wakes instead.

Perchance in spheres remote, and fair, and far,
There breathes a twin soul to my soul's white star,

Or have we touched already, and passed by
Unconscious that affinity was nigh!

O! soul, perchance to near me yet unknown,
Some day we'll wake within fair velvet zone.

E. PAULINE JOHNSON.

A Dream of Fair Maidens.

For Saturday Night.

To-day my past and present loves
I saw, all robed in summer white,
And of that beauteous array
I, with fond pleasure, dream to-night;
All comely maids to look upon,
To any man, all passing fair,
Ethel and Bess, one I'll not name,
Roddie, my thoughts among them share.

The sweet-faced Ethel, blonde and tall,
The first love of my schoolboy heart,
'Twas when I gazed upon your form,
I first felt reck'less Cupid's dart.
Oh! full a year or more I loved,
Before to you I callous grew,
And even now whene'er we meet
Your pale cheeks blush a crimson hue.

Next, much-wooed Roddie held my love,
Of auburn-tinged, golden hair,
I bid my passion in my heart,
And by no sign dared it declare.
Though now I feel no jealous pangs,
To see the swains about you swarm,
When, in my turn, on me you smile,
It serveth well my heart to warm.

Then, Bessie of majestic tread,
My passion for you burned away.
In three short days, perhaps, went out,
Smothered by snubs; but, ah! to-day,
You smiled on me, and with that smile
My grievance to the ground did fall,
My wounded pride was quickly healed,
That moment, I forgave you all.

And, lastly, her I would not name,
The sacred name in my present love,
Is not more pleasing to the eye
Than are the others, named above;
Though I was fond of every one,
She stands from them, above, apart,
Though they hold minor mortgage,
She holds the first upon my heart.

Such is Life.

For Saturday Night.

We moan and sigh and groan and cry,
With tears our life's page blot;
We envy others right and left
For what we haven't got.

We'll stand for hours 'mid fragrant flowers
That bloom beside our cot,
And wistful long for other blooms—
The ones we haven't got.

The finest gown, from biggest town,
Has on its sheen a blot;
For lovelier far that other one—
The one we haven't got.

And sweetest maid so coy or staid
Has one heart-yearning hot;
She likes her beau, but he's a god—
The one she hasn't got.

ELMINA.

The Boy's Grandmother.

A stitch is always dropping in the everlasting knitting;
And the needles that I've threaded, no, you couldn't count to-day;
And I've hunted for the glasses till I thought my head was splitting
When there upon her forehead as calm as clocks they lay.

I've read to her till I was hoarse, the Psalms and the Epistles,
When the other boys were burning tar barrels down the street;
And I've stayed and learned my verses when I heard their willow whistles,
And I've stayed and said my chapter with fire in both my feet.

But there always is a peppermint or a penny in her pocket;
There never was a pocket that was half so big and deep;
And she lets the candle in my room burn to the very socket,
While she sews and putters round about till I am sound asleep.

And when I've been in swimming after father's said I shouldn't,
And mother has her slipper off according to the rule;
It sounds as sweet as silver, the voice that says, "I wouldn't;
The boy that won't go swimming such a day would be a fool!"

Sometimes there's something in her voice as if she gave a blessing,
And I look at her a moment, and I keep still as a mouse;
And who she is by this time there is no need of guessing;
For there's nothing like a grandmother to have about the house!

A Complete Oneness.

Long they lingered by the gateway
In the garden—he and she;
He was tall and straight and stately,
She was lovely as could be.

Pale his face—almost to wanness,
As he kissed, and kissed her still,
And the oneness of her goneness
Was a sight to make men ill.

Noted People.

Gatschina, the Czar's home, contains 700 rooms.

Rider Haggard belongs to a Norfolk family of Danish extraction.

Mr. Onslow Ford is an ardent entomologist. He is even fonder of butterflies than Mr. Whistler.

George Bancroft, the veteran historian, was born in 1800. In 1819, Dr. Joseph G. Cogswell wrote of him: "He is most interesting youth, and is to make one of our great men."

Ella Wheeler Wilcox is said to be associated in a literary enterprise with John L. Sullivan, Allan Dale and P. T. Barnum. The indispensable pinch of salt is required with this tit-bit.

Queen Christina of Spain has telephonic communication established between her room and the Madrid Opera House, in order that she may enjoy the opera without having to appear before the public.

Alice Wellington Rollins, whose poems have been published under the title, A Ring of Amethyst, is a woman who wrote first for pleasure and after for necessity's sake. She is a dark-haired woman with dreamy yet earnest eyes of brown.

Mrs. Cleveland's collection of photographs is highly interesting. She has many valuable signatures appended to the likenesses, and the lot would bring a very neat sum were they offered for sale. A few of them were given her through Mr. Perry Belmont when he was Minister to Spain, and among these is a very pretty one of Queen Isabella with a baby in her arms, and the autograph of the mother beneath.

Stanley and Miss Tennant were duly married on July 12, and the ceremony in Westminster Abbey is spoken of as impressive and fashionable in a superlative degree. The groom's voice was almost inaudible in the repetition of the service, while the bride's was very firm. Stanley contradicted the report that his wife will accompany him on his next African journey. "She must," he says, "remain either in England or in Egypt."

Emin Pasha's character does not seem to have been altered from his brief intercourse with Mr. Stanley, or by the bitter taunts levelled at Emin by the explorer on the score of his devotion to purely scientific pursuits. We read the Emin's expedition up-country is progressing favorably, and that as soon as possible Emin himself and Dr. Stuhlmann intend to collect samples of the plants and animals of the region. Emin, it is clear, is the insect man still.

The Empress of Germany has military tastes as well as her husband. At the late grand review on Templehoffield she was in the saddle for two hours riding superbly, and leading her own regiment of cuirassiers past the Emperor. Her uniform as colonel was a habit of white cloth, embroidered on shoulders and collar with the red and silver colors of the regiment, and a three-cornered white felt hat with many ostrich feathers, in which she looked remarkably pretty.

The German Emperor is a great smoker and his cigars are manufactured expressly for him, says Eugene Field. Not long ago, sitting of an evening in one of the apartments of his palace, he inadvertently reached out and struck a match on a splendid oil painting that stood on an easel hard by. The empress was as mad as a wet hen. "Your majesty," said she "if you were not the emperor and my husband, I should chastise you." And she would have done it, too, for be it known that Augusta is a husky dame and one of exceeding lusty temper.

Cardinal Manning has a strong aversion to the habit of snuff-taking. One day, as the subject was being discussed in a friendly conversation, the Cardinal being present, expressed himself opposed entirely to the custom of seeking comfort from snuff, when one of his friends thus addressed him: "Is your Eminence aware that St. Charles of Borromeo, your patron and model, was devoted to snuff?" "Yes" replied the great divine, "I am aware of that, and I am also aware that the body of St. Charles lies buried in Milan in a perfect state of preservation with the exception of the nose, which is gone."

An amusing personal episode is related by the newly-elected Bishop of Durham, previously Canon Westcott, which, in spite of his sixty-five years, he still clearly remembers. He tells the story that once during his school days at Birmingham he had occasion to present an address to the Prince Consort, delivered, as was customary, in Latin, and containing the usual petition for a holiday. The Prince received it, and handed it to his secretary unread. Day after day passed by, but no holiday came. But scon a happy thought struck young Westcott; he sent a copy of the address in English to the Prince, and the holiday came.

During the boyhood of Wilkie Collins he was placed at school at Highbury, after a residence of three years on the Continent; his mates despised him as "a French frog," because of his superior knowledge of the French and Italian languages. In this awkward position, little Collins was lucky enough to secure the favor of a big boy by telling him stories, and the big fellow protected him on account of this amusing quality. If, however, the young storyteller fell short at any time, and could not produce a story to order, his protector and tyrant had an infallible method of stimulating invention, being of opinion that a sound thrashing had an excellent effect in quickening the action of the brain.

Lord Beaconsfield's love for pipes was keen, and well known among his intimate friends. One of the latter, calling upon him one morning, was surprised to see on the table a long case, not unlike a coffin, stuck all over with colored labels. When Lord Beaconsfield entered the room he, while talking, opened the box, and took therefrom a variety of pipes of every possible kind and shape, from handsome hookahs to dwarf clays. He handled them with great care and affection, explaining that the case had followed him from place to place on the continent, always a day too late, and had been sent to London at last, the carriage costing over £3. The pipes were for the great man's unrivalled collection, and were transferred to his house in London.

Beyond the North Saskatchewan.

Since the completion of the Canadian Pacific Railway, the great North-West Territories of Canada have been slowly filling with settlers, ranchers, merchants, adventurers, speculators, with men having fortunes to lose, and with men having fortunes to make, and these, again, have been followed by professional men—lawyers, clergymen, doctors, editors, etc., and by scores of others who rove about from simple love of change, and whose plans and desires shift about just as often as the means at their disposal allow them to gratify their whims. During the past decade a number of settlements, villages and small towns have sprung into existence, and although the process has been slow, and in a few cases disappointing, yet the fact remains that the progress of the great North-West has been reasonably successful and substantial.

But there still remains a vast portion of those territories that the tide of emigration has not even commenced to flow into, and this is all the more to be wondered at for there is no more beautiful portion of Canada to be found. Compared with that portion of Assiniboia and Alberta through which the railway runs it is, in scenery, as a painting to a chromo. All who have travelled west from Virden to the foot of the Rockies, over that vast treeless plain, where the cactus and sage bush thrive, where antelopes come down to look at the train and race away again frightened; where the hill sides are covered with buffalo wallows, the plain itself with buffalo bulls, and both with buffalo bones; where the water is for the most part too impregnated with alkali to be drinkable and where the landscape so soon wearies and becomes monotonous, all who have made that journey and no other in the North-West know little of the beautiful picturesque scenery that exists far to the north of the line of travel.

The beauty of the North-West north of the Saskatchewan River is surpassed nowhere in the Dominion. It has not the grandeur of the Rockies, the pastoral beauty of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, nor the exquisite prettiness of the scenery of Old England or Prince Edward Island, but there is a freshness, a charm, a beauty, a prettiness about it altogether its own, and as different from the scenery to be seen in Manitoba, Assiniboia and Alberta, as between that to be seen in Switzerland and Holland. It is a lonely country and there are very few settlements, and those few are are far apart. Locomotion is difficult, the trails being little used, the streams and rivers are unbridged and the adventurous traveler has to carry a large stock of provisions. At great distances apart Hudson Bay Company trading-posts are met with and the Indians have a few permanent settlements, but as only a very few of the Indian bands in that section are "treaty" Indians very few white men are to be found among them, and those principally Roman Catholic and Church of England priests. It is a vast land of solitude lost in its own vastness, but destined yet to be the garden of the North-West.

The scanty geographical knowledge possessed of this vast portion of Canada is proved by the inaccuracies to be found in the maps. Far north of Fort Pitt, north again from the Beaver river a long distance is a lake as large as Lake Simcoe. It is called Cold Lake and, yet, it appears on the maps as an insignificant, very-water-to-meet-with lake and is located several miles further south than it really is. Some years ago the writer spent a week with a party of Winnipeg gentlemen encamped on high ground close to the shores of this lake. What the exact size of this body of water may be in acres or square miles he cannot say, but it is like a small inland sea, the opposite shore being invisible. It is tedious work reaching this lake, all trails end at the Beaver River; muskegs have to be crossed, the river is thick and plentiful, buckboards and wagons have to be left behind at the Chippewayan Hudson Bay post, and from there pack horses have to be used. Mosquitoes and black flies make life a misery, the former at night, the later in day, they so torment the little Indian pack ponies that they rush into the water whenever they get a chance and lie down, pack on and everything, in the water. But, when once reached, Cold Lake well repays a visit and all the tediousness and irritability of the journey is forgotten. It abounds with huge salmon-trout and whitefish and the excessive coldness of its waters makes their flesh as hard and firm as can be desired, game of all sorts from moose to bears, to deer and wild fowl of all sorts are plentiful in all that district; and it is the home of the beaver. All through that exquisitely pretty country the work of those industrious, harmless little animals can be seen. At night the wolves take up the chorus of howls or barks, and all the sportsman wants is plenty of ammunition, a couple of good guns, a canoe and fishing tackle.

Cold Lake and the Beaver River districts are only one out of a thousand other beautiful districts in the vast country which stretches north of the Saskatchewan from Lake Winnipeg to the Rockies and north to the Arctic Circle. It is a continent in itself. What the winter climate may be the writer has no personal experience, but in summer it is delightful, hot in the daytime with cool nights. Situated so far north, the smallest print, during summer, can be read by daylight at 10 p.m., and the dawn breaks at 1 a.m. The entire country is a succession of hill and dale, heavily timbered, and the country never having been burnt over, the water is clear and sweet and free from any taint of alkali. It is the breeding ground of the wild goose and of that handsome bird the canvas-back duck, and those who have the time to spare and the money to spend could not choose a more beautifully pretty place or a more desirable sporting region in which to spend a month's holiday.

Another beautiful spot in this picturesque region is Frog Lake, some thirty odd miles north of Fort Pitt. Six years ago it was a small, thriving settlement, beautifully situated on Frog Lake Creek, about five miles from the lake itself. To-day it is a deserted place, with a melancholy history which will for ever operate against its future settlement. It is the scene of the terrible massacre which took place early in the spring of 1885, when Fathers Marchand and Faffard, Mr. Gowanlock (brother of Ald. Gowanlock of Toronto) and five others were cruelly tortured and murdered by Cree Indians. Rumors of the massacre reached the outer world early in April, but no white man visited the place until the evening of the Queen's birthday, 1885. The writer formed one of the party which first visited the settlement after the terrible tragedy, arriving there about six o'clock p.m. Every house in the place had been burnt, the mill had been wrecked, and also the little Catholic church. A half-starved dog was the only living creature to be seen; a number of huge, over-fed hawks and buzzards excepted. All about the place there was a putrid, overpowering smell, and attracted by this smell and the birds, an investigation into the cause of the smell was made. In the basement of the church—and evidently thrown there after death—were found the bodies of four men. Two of the bodies were evidently those of the devoted priests who ruled the little settlement so gently and loyally, not that their features were recognizable, but the remains of their dress proved it, the other two bodies were those of laymen. All four men had been scalped. Their heads and faces had been saturated with coal oil and then set fire to, for they were burnt and charred beyond recognition; their hands and feet had been chopped off; their hearts had been cut out, and other indignities, which cannot be mentioned, had been practised upon them—let it be hoped after death and not before. It was a horrible sight, there, on that beautiful evening, in that beautiful district, the sun still high, everything so quiet and so pretty, to find the tortured victims of Indian ignorance and Government indifference! The living who found the dead, cried like children at the sight.

One by one the bodies of these brave men were respectfully and sorrowfully taken out of the church basement. Four rude coffins were made, four graves were dug in the little church yard, four plain and clumsy crosses were made, and just as the sun peeped over the eastern horizon, and just as the birds began their morning songs, those mangled bodies were reverently lowered into their last, narrow, earthly resting-place. Over the bodies of the dead priests the Roman Catholic litany for the dead was read by a layman, but a Roman Catholic; and over the other bodies the beautiful burial service of the Church of England was read by another layman. Wild roses and other wild flowers were gathered and thrown upon the coffins in their graves; the earth was slowly thrown in after, and four small mounds, each surmounted by a rudely-made cross, were raised to mark the last resting-place of men who deserved a better fate. The remembrance of that night will never be effaced from the memories of the few living who took part in the proceedings described.

Whatever the bickerings of party politicians, whatever the aims of self-seeking and ambitious men, however strong religious antipathies in Eastern Canada may be, the writer of these notes wishes to bear his testimony to the devotedness, earnestness and simplicity of the Roman Catholic missionaries in the far north portion of the far North-West. Where can be found a simpler, more gentle, earnest old man than Bishop Grandin, whose diocese extends over the territory north of the Saskatchewan. A more lovable old man the writer never met. To show what the Catholic missionaries will do the case of Father Legoff may be mentioned. When the writer first met him he mistook him for an Indian. Father Legoff was borne in Quebec and is of good birth, being descended from a long line of aristocratic nobles of Old France. Between thirty and forty years ago he volunteered for missionary work in the North-West and when the writer met him he had been for twenty-seven years a missionary to a little band of Wood Crees and Chippewayans as their settlement, 260 miles north-east from civilization, or what civilization. He was as tanned as an Indian, his clothes were ragged and torn, he looked ill and weary, but to hear him talk, as he sat at supper in the writer's tent, in the finest French (he cannot speak a word of English), to see his eye kindle and light up with enthusiasm as he spoke of the gratitude of the poor uncultured Indians under his charge, to gradually come to ascertain his gentleness of character, his childlike religious simplicity, to understand the hardships he had passed through, often in winter on the verge of starvation, to gradually take in all that he had given up, all that he had voluntarily assumed, was to love the shabby-looking priest, and to wish the world contained more such noble men and noble Christians. For months at a time this devoted priest never saw a newspaper or received a letter. For months at a time he never had a chance to talk in his native language. His diet was that of the Indians, coarse, plain, ill-cooked; he would work with the Indians on their little patches of clearances, he baptized, married, buried them, and when his own time comes will be buried by them. And the case of this spare-looking devoted, noble priest is but one of the many. Self-denial, self-abnegation is their characteristic. Father Damiens can be found, even in the solitude and vastness of the far north of the far North-West.

BOUVER.

Art and Artists.

The Japanese are essentially an artistic people. Although much of their art is incomprehensible at first sight to a person not accustomed to that country and that people, a proper study of it, grotesque and curious as it may appear, never fails to reveal wonders of careful study and patient toil in the development of an idea. Though many Caucasian artists have made a thorough study of Japanese art and of that country and its people with very gratifying results, it is rarely that we find the case reversed, and that a native of Japan seeks to explore the mysteries of the art of this half of the world. We have an example of this in Toronto. For the past year or two a young Japanese artist, Mr. Y. T. Saito, has been working quietly among us, earnestly endeavoring to advance himself in art. Mr. Saito has just finished painting his first important subject, entitled The Death of Cleopatra. Although rather an ambitious subject for a young artist he has succeeded beyond expectation. The picture contains two figures, Cleopatra and Charmion. Cleopatra is represented reclining in the foreground applying the "worm of the Nile" to her bosom, while her handmaiden, just behind her, shrinks back in terror at the sight. Mr. Saito made a careful study of his subject and used all the properties he could command so that the work is legitimately done throughout. The work is very deficient in coloring, however, the flesh tints being entirely too pale. Mr. Saito has, I believe, found a buyer for his picture, and is to be congratulated on the success of his first effort.

*

Mr. Paul Peel is visiting his parents in London, Ont. Mr. Peel came home in response to a cablegram informing him of the serious illness of his mother.

VAN.

The German Girl.

The German girl is not like other girls. She is not so piquant as the American girl, not so stylish as the French girl, and not so sympathetic as the English girl. She has neither the pervasive magnetism of the Viennese, nor the burning presence of the Italian, nor the versatility of the Russian. Her lack of these conventional attractions usually leads men who do not know her to imagine the German girl to be a rather inferior and uninteresting young woman. Men who have been fortunate enough to know intimately some Continental German girls, however, think differently.

Physically the German girl is not so charming as the American girl. Her waist is neither slender nor tapering. Her shoulders are not slope. Her carriage lacks spirit. Her face is round rather than oval, and her hands and feet are not strikingly trim. On the other hand she has a well turned arm, a smooth pink and white skin, untouched by modern improvements, and abundance of the kept hair, and a delightful neck. Her figure is full, but not overfed. Her eyes are clear, though unsuggestive.

The fine art of fascinating men by infinitesimal gestures or suggestions of gestures, is not hers. She cannot sway feeling by the turn of the head, the lifting of the fingers, a sinking of the hand, or a curve of the neck. She may have an idea or two about managing her eyes, by tossing her head, plucking apart rosebuds, and other like elementary practices, but the wide world of elaborate feminine coquetry without words is beyond her ken.

Despite all these deficiencies the presence of the typical German girl is something of an inspiration. She does not overwhelm a man with vivacity, nor burden him with highly wrought affectation of attention. She does not mobilize her face for a campaign of grimaces and expressions the minute he opens his mouth. She listens somewhat impassively, though not phlegmatically, to all he says. Her repose is natural and sympathetic. It was bred and bred in her, is a part of her, and she is remarkably refreshing to a man who has worn his way repeatedly through the pantomimic routine of the *fete-a-tete* with women of other breeding and temperament.

In conversation the German girl is encouraging rather than exciting and entertaining. She does not try to "keep up her end." She never "carries on." She is not "sharp," nor "keen," nor "smart," nor "great fun." She cannot even "take care of herself" conversationally. She does not know all about operas she has never heard and sciences she has never studied. She does not "adore calculus," and is not "awfully fond of metaphysics." She rarely generalizes brilliantly concerning novels she has only heard others tell of, and she is far from clever at making colloquial witticisms. She is, however, intelligent and well educated, and has an abundance of ideas of her own. Although she knows Old Latin and less Greek, she can speak French fairly well, understands some English, and has a smattering of Italian or Spanish. She has a good foundation as to the Great Elector, Frederick the Great, the iron days between 1807 and 1815, and the modern German triumvirate. She has read some of the works of Goethe, Shakespeare, Heine and Moliere. She can quote by the page from her favorite poet, Schiller. In case of need she can follow her heart with her hand and turn off an astonishing quantity of sentimental verses on slight provocation. She loves music, and is familiar with most of the grand operas.

The German girl has all these things to talk of understandingly, yet she never sweeps a man off his feet with a flood of conversational pedantry. When a subject she is acquainted with turns up, she talks on it easily, without an effort to appear brilliant, or unique, or deep. She is very worshipful of the great masters, but does not exhaust her breath and vocabulary to say so. She never uses slang. She speaks her native tongue plainly, but avoids using heeriff of expressions like "ain't," "hadn't ought," or "like you and I." Her correctness of speech, however, is not studied, and she never tries to get under cover with a "dear me, I always get that wrong." Her "ja" is as sweet as the American girl's "yes," and her "nein" falls from her lips with a soft indecision that mitigates half the pain of the refusal.

When the German girl has had her little fling, and it is a very little one, her father or Mama gets her engaged. Her new social status is published at once to the whole world and her. Unannounced engagements are unknown to the German girl. The instant she accepts a young man's proposal every one knows it, and regards her as already half married. She does not court the pleasures of a helter-skelter, fast and loose love affair. She becomes all wrapped up in her Fritz, or Hans, or Wilhelm at once. There is no more flirting, or corresponding, or skating, or dancing with other men. She loves her fiance with an absorbing devotion which is seldom duplicated on this side of the Atlantic. She gets no special pleasure from "playing" him, testing him, exciting his jealousy or "leading him on." All she wished is to have him right at hand all the time, holding her hand while others are present, and her when alone with him. This unswerving faithfulness and childlike devotion continues well along into her married life, and usually to the end. The quiet, quaint, unpretentious, trustful German frau is only a natural development of the well-bred German girl.

The German girl has many other miscellaneous accomplishments and virtues which are little known, and, if known, are misunderstood by her foreign critics. She does not drink beer or eat sliced sausage. She never takes a cigarette into her mouth, and does not long to be a man. She does not drop her handkerchief at her admirers' feet to be picked up, she does not hurry off her admirers on impossible errands just to show what she can do with them. She does not accept all the presents that the men of her acquaintance give her, and she does not tell white lies when it is just as convenient to speak the truth. She never flirts in the street. She always draws on both gloves before leaving the house, and does not remove them before returning indoors. She never annoys her escort by stating surreptitiously at other men and asking who they are, and she does not cut duty dances to talk with her favorite. She never tells a caller "he is only a stranger," does not want a dance for the play, and does not giggle and whisper during the opera. She is appreciative of small favors, believes that young men have a few rights that young women are bound to respect, and acts up to this belief.

In short, the German girl is warm-hearted, well educated and well bred. She is kind, patient and grateful. She is too sensitive to do a rude act, and too full of ideals to do a mean one. She may lack, as her critics say, consummate brilliancy, and beauty, and art, but all the rest of the world of attractions is hers.

Please Yourself, Please Me.

There come times in your life and mine, gentle reader, and you too, my courtly sir, when it is right to please ourselves. It is the only possible right thing to do, in fact. When?

When we have done our best to please other folks and they yet be displeased. You have changed at Tom's suggestion, and changed to humor Blanche. You have torn that all to pieces, and begun over again, to suit George. A neighbor or two has put in an oar, and once more you began a new plan. Dear, patient soul, you are too good-natured. You have gone so far that what Blanche liked would not by any possible means now be satisfactory to Tom. Each and all hate, fairly abominate the plan of the others, severally. Now just start off bravely and please yourself alone. It is astonishing how perfectly you "just hit it" for all the others.

You are lucky if, as the result of your good nature and repeated changes, you have any real will or taste of your own left. In fact, that is generally the trouble. People who want to please everybody very often are not so much amiable as dependent. It is not that they want to please, as that they dread to be criticised, or are wholly without originality.

When your company is morally inferior to you, then you want to act for yourself. Some fellow recently stood on a gangplank of a lake steamer. There was a great deal of slang and loud talk. I watched this youth carefully, for I knew that he had a difficult task. The crowd were, in a way, his guests, since they had tramped over to his hotel and dined, at his invitation. Nearly every other fellow was disposed to top off the dinner by a drink. But it was Sunday, and the young host was, with his parents, at our hotel. He was appealed to, to show the way to the bar. He said a quiet no. "Why not?" yelled a man near him. "Are we too plous over here?" Looking his questioner in the eye, he responded: "Why not, do you ask? If you can not see why not, amid these ladies and children and this quiet place, all I can say is because it doesn't please me. I live to please myself in this world." Quick as lightning, a chorus of "Good for you!" went up, almost a cheer. A man in a crowd who has a level head will please the crowd best by using his own level head. The next day, especially, he will be thanked for it, if not then.

If you work for a nervous, fickle man, you had better not try to please him. Please yourself. But that means that you think hard how you would like this job done. Then you do as you would be done by—the Golden Rule itself.

Suppose you work for a party who knows nothing of the business; you are sent out to set out flowers: it is your business, and your patron has no other idea than that she wants a pretty garden; she may fuss and flutter about; you can smile and smile—always take your smile along—and you can say "Yes, yes," to all her absurd suggestions. But it is just the time to please yourself. You want to put into that job the very finest taste that you ever exercised. Go right on, pleasing yourself.

If she peremptorily orders you to change, of course you will have to obey. But you can tear out all her poor taste the next morning, and do it as it ought to be done. You can charge the extra time in the bill. When you are done, if you are her superior—a very important "if"—and if you are really master of your art and have produced beauty, you will please her.

When you work for a man who changes his rules every week, you will probably do best to make out your own way and please yourself. It should try to please myself with a better situation if I could.

When you work for two masters, especially if you work for three or four, the surest way to win all their approvals is to do what you think is best, for they contradict each other enough to drive a Job mad.

When duty seems to call two ways, it is very easy to turn to a friend and ask, "What would you do if you were in my place?" But really the answer does not help you any. Your friends answer what they think will please you. You will do better to do as you like, without asking.

I wish my tailor to please himself, then he pleases me. That is, I want to buy his taste as well as his garments. A milliner who pleases herself is more satisfactory than one who will sell her own brains with her feathers and forms.

Taste brings the highest price in the market to-day. But taste is always an answer to the question: "Does that please my own eye?"

There is no one difficulty in pleasing, in matters of good taste or good morals, as one's own self. If one's self is easily pleased, one is cheap. I don't mean that we should not toss the head over what does not please us. It is the silent, secret, modest self, inside the jacket or skull, which is hard to please. Not by others. Other men may please easily in workmanship. But I find it hard to please myself with my own workmanship. Don't you, reader? And when I easily satisfy myself, I generally find I have done poor work and was in a cheap frame of mind that day.

When men growl, then please yourself. A man is not a dog to be yelled at. I am willing to be advertised. I want to do good work if I am getting good pay. But when I find myself dealing with snapping, snarling directions, I have reached my limit of care what others may like or dislike. I shall look into my own heart and up to my own Creator for directions and approval. I do the best I can. I must have peace of this barking. Myself then becomes of more account to me than all the world beside, and it is very comfortable, living on good terms with my better self. I find, too, best of all, that I then please even the growlers.—*N. Y. Weekly.*

The Origin of the Tile.

The "stovepipe" of modern civilization, says *Modern Society*, is now a century old, and bids fair to live for ever. Its introduction is claimed by our American cousins, for no less a personage than Benjamin Franklin, philosopher, printer, and sage. Few persons would have suspected "Poor Richard" of this, but it is the fact, and it came about in this wise:

On April 11, 1790, Franklin arrived in Paris. Coming as he did from the land of republican revolution to the country which had been instrumental in aiding American independence, and which was itself on the verge of the most colossal revolution of modern times, every act of his, every minutiae of his life, was carefully examined and criticised. Franklin wore the hat of the Quakers of Philadelphia. It was very much like the "stovepipe" of to-day, except that it was lower in the crown and its brim was much broader. It was laughed at a little by the dandies of Paris, but three days after Franklin's arrival the Parisian hatters had similar hats in their windows, and decorated them with the name of the illustrious American. The leaders in the French Revolution at once adopted the hat, and it thus became the emblem of revolt in Europe. The aristocracy of course fought against the new fashion, but finally it began to make its way. The brim grew narrower, the cylinder higher, until the stovepipe of modern times was evolved from the Quaker headgear of Ben Franklin.

To a Wife.

Though he should all his money keep,
Remember he your spouse is;
And he quite sure he is asleep
Ere you go through his trousers.

Wash Day.

"Bridget, did you put the clothes in soak?"
"Oi did not; did you want me to?"
"Why, certainly."
"Very well, mum."
Two hours later—"Oi put 'em in soak, mum, bud the parrot-nose of a pawnbroker wud give me only chew dollars on the whole outfit. Here be the money, mum, an' it's sorry Oi am that ye bess so harrud up."—*Peck's Sun.*

HIS HEART'S QUEEN.

BY MRS. GEORGIE SHELDON

Author of "Max," "That Dowdy," "Queen Bess," "Sibyl's Influence," "The Forsaken Bride," "Brownie's Triumph," &c.

CHAPTER XV.

"SHE IS MY WIFE."

It was later in the season than people were in the habit of remaining at Mentone; but the unusual attraction of a wedding in high life had induced many to delay their departure, and so a large number had tarried, much to the gratification and profit of hotel proprietors and other natives, only to be disappointed by missing the wedding, after all.

Everything possible was done to obtain some clew to the missing girl, but all to no purpose. Three weeks went by, and every one, save Lord Cameron, had given up all hope of ever solving the sad mystery. He alone still patiently kept up his search day by day.

By the beginning of the fourth week, Mr. and Mrs. Mencke both agreed that the girl must be dead, and announced their intention of leaving in a few days for Switzerland. Mrs. Mencke was so confirmed in her opinion that Violet was not living that she assumed mourning for her, and while she remained in Mentone her deeply bordered handkerchiefs were never out of her hands, and were frequently brought into ostentatious use.

The day before the one set for their departure was intensely warm and oppressive, and everybody was almost prostrated by the heat.

Lady Cameron and Mrs. Mencke could only lie by lying, lightly clad, in hammocks swung upon the north piazza of the hotel, while Mr. Mencke idled away the hours as best he could, in the smoking and reading-room, or in imbibing mint juleps.

Lord Cameron, as was his invariable custom, had departed, in spite of the heat, from one of his long rides immediately after breakfast. His quest for the girl whom he had so fondly loved was becoming almost a mania.

He had grown thin and pale; his appetite failed, until he seemed not to eat sufficient to keep life in him. He was depressed and absent-minded, and so nervous and restless that his mother suffered the keenest anxiety lest all this strain upon his mind and body should end in insanity.

"Oh, what an interminable day this has seemed!" sighed Lady Cameron to her companion, as, soft on the sultry stillness of the air, there came to them the sound of a distant church clock striking the hour of six. "I hope I may never pass another like it—I could neither read nor write, while my thoughts and the dread of something—I knew not what—have nearly driven me wild."

Mrs. Mencke shivered, in spite of the heat, at these words. She also felt as if she could never live through another twelve hours like the past, and she believed if she could but once get away from the place where she had suffered so much of disappointment and wretchedness, this terrible oppression and weight would in a measure disappear.

To-morrow they would go, and she longed for to-morrow to come. During the latter part of the afternoon she had simply lain still and watched the lengthening shadows, which told that the sun was declining and evening drawing on apace, and longed for night and slumber to lock her senses in oblivion.

"I believe the name of Mentone will always give me a chill after this," she said, in a husky tone.

"Hark! is not that the sound of a horse's hoofs?" cried Lady Cameron, starting up to look down the road. "Yes, there comes Vane and—Mrs. Mencke, he is riding at a breakneck pace! Can he—do you believe he has any—news?"

The woman was so overcome by the thought that she last word was almost lost in a whisper, while her eager eyes were intently fastened upon the approaching horseman.

Mrs. Mencke started to a sitting posture, and waited with breathless interest for Lord Cameron to arrive.

Nearer and nearer he came, and now they could see that his noble steed was flecked with foam.

Vane checked his headlong speed as he caught sight of the two women upon the piazza; but, as he entered the grounds of the hotel, both ladies could see that his face was frightful in its ghastliness. Instinctively they knew that he was the bearer of evil tidings.

Arriving at the steps, he threw his bridle to a man who approached to take his horse, then turned to enter the hotel.

"Vane—you have—news!" his mother said, in an awe-stricken voice, as she went forward to meet him.

He glanced up at her, and the sympathy and love written on her gentle face seemed to unman him for a moment.

He staggered, reeled, and then caught at a post, while he put his hand to his head and groaned aloud with anguish.

"Tell me, gasped Mrs. Mencke, coming toward him, her own face now as white as his, "have you heard anything of—Violet?"

He nodded, but hid his face from the gaze of the two women, while a shudder shook him from head to foot; then he said, in a hollow tone:

"Yes—she is found."

"Found!" repeated his startled hearers, in shrill, tense voices. "Where? Alive?"

He shook his head at that last word.

"Dead!" whispered Mrs. Mencke, hoarsely.

"Dead," said Lord Cameron, in an awful tone and with another groan.

Then with a mighty effort he partially recovered his composure, made them sit down, and told them as briefly as he could all about his dreadful day.

He had started out that morning determined to make one last vigorous effort—to spare neither himself, his horse, nor his purse to gain some clew; then, if he learned nothing of the fate of his lost love, he would give up his search and go home to England with his mother.

He followed the coast along the gulf, as he had done a dozen times before, but intending to extend his search farther than he had yet done. He rode many miles, until the heat became so intense that he was forced to turn back without as yet having made any discovery.

Suddenly, however, as he was nearing Mentone, he saw a group of fishermen gathered around something which they had evidently just drawn from the water at the foot of a cliff, along the edge of which the highway ran.

Approaching nearer, he saw what appeared to be a long black object, and knew that it was contemplated with horror by the spectators, for the men's faces were gray and awe-stricken.

A nameless fear seized upon his poor heart, and leaping from his horse, he fastened him to a tree, and springing down the cliff with all the speed he could force into his faltering feet, he saw, while a groan of despair burst from him, that the object lying upon the beach was the body of a woman.

Such a horror he had never looked upon before—he hoped never to look upon again.

The woman was clad, not in black, as he had at first thought, but in a dark gray suit trimmed with bands of blue silk. Upon the head was a gray hat, also trimmed with blue, and having a gray wing among the folds of velvet, and wound about this was a thick blue veil.

"Violet!" moaned Mrs. Mencke, with a shiver as Lord Cameron reached this portion of his tale.

"Yes, Violet, without any doubt," he answered, in a hollow voice, "for the clothing all corresponded exactly with your description of what she wore away; but otherwise she was past all recognition, excepting the hair, which was golden like here, though sadly matted and disheveled by the action of the sea. What her object was in leaving the hotel we can probably never know; perhaps it was simply for a walk—I hope that was her object," the young man said, something like a sob bursting from him; "but she must have wandered too near the edge of the cliff, missed her foothold and fallen into the sea. The coast is very bold near there—overhanging the water in many places, while the road runs very near the edge of the cliff. It was a terrible fate for the poor child, and the experiences of this day will haunt me as long as I live."

It was a horrible story, and as he tried to break it to them, and the hearts of his listeners stood still with awe and misery. And yet, dreadful as it was, they all felt that the certainty of knowing that Violet was no more, did not equal the agonizing suspense which had tortured them during the last four weeks.

There was not much sleep for any of them that night, and Lord Cameron looked as if he had just risen from a long illness when he appeared the next morning.

He was calmer, however, than on the previous evening, and went about his sad duties with a sorrowful dignity which deeply impressed and touched everyone.

Of course all thoughts of any of the party leaving Mentone for the next few days were given up, for their loved dead must be cared for before they could turn their faces northward.

The authorities would not allow the body to be removed from the place; they decided that the young girl should be buried there without delay.

After this was attended to, the few mourning friends, together with many sympathizing residents of Mentone, gathered in the church, where the grand wedding was to have taken place, and a simple memorial service was observed, after which they all repaired to the spot where the unfortunate girl had been laid to rest.

Lord Cameron had chosen the spot, which was a little remote from other graves in the place of burial and beneath a beautiful, wide spreading beech, the low mound had been covered with myrtle and a profusion of choice flowers, the greensward was like velvet all about it, and not far away could be seen the deep blue sea which Violet had loved so much.

Mrs. Mencke appeared to be greatly overcome as she visited this lonely grave, and many glances of sympathy were bent upon her by those gathered about; but they could not know of the guilty secret which lay so heavily upon her conscience and caused remorse to outweigh whatever of natural grief she might otherwise have experienced. She alone knew that she was wholly responsible for all the sorrow and trouble which had thus overtaken the fair girl in the very morning of her life.

The next day they all spent in resting, for they had arranged to leave Mentone the following morning.

Lady Cameron and Mrs. Mencke remained in their rooms until evening, only coming down to join the gentlemen after tea for a little while.

They were gathered in a small private parlor, where each seemed to strive to assume a cheerfulness which one felt.

Suddenly there came a sharp, imperative knock upon the door.

Lord Cameron arose to open it, and found himself face to face with a young man several years his junior, and who would have been regarded as striking in appearance, but for the worn and haggard look upon his face, and the wild, almost insane expression in his restless eyes.

Vane bowed to him courteously, then inquired:

"Can I do anything for you, sir? Whom do you wish to see?"

"Lord Cameron, Earl of Sutherland," was the brief but stern reply.

"I am he," the young man began, when his visitor unceremoniously pushed his way into the room, closing the door behind him.

At this act Wilhelm Mencke and his wife started to their feet, one with a cry of surprise and dismay, the other with an oath of anger, while both had grown deathly pale.

"Pardon me, sir, but are you not somewhat brusque and uncourteous in your demeanor?" Vane demanded, with some hauteur. "Who are you, and what do you want?"

"I want to meet the woman whom report says you are to marry or have married. I want to meet her here and now, in your presence," was the quick, passionate, quivering response.

Lord Cameron shuddered and grew white to his lips at this imperative demand, and wondered if the man was mad.

"That is impossible," he said, in a husky voice. Then he added in a conciliatory tone, for something seemed to tell him that the man was in great mental suffering, though he had not a suspicion of its cause: "But pray explain why you make such a request. Who are you, sir?"

"My name is Wallace Hamilton Richardson," tersely returned the stranger.

Vane Cameron recoiled as if the man had struck him a blow instead of simply stating his name.

He was so much overcome by the announcement that those observing him feared he was upon the point of fainting, strong man though he was.

"Wallace Richardson?—from America?" he whispered, hoarsely.

"Yes."

"I—I thought you were—dead! She believed you were dead!" the young lord returned with ashen lips.

"Dead!" repeated Wallace wonderingly, his bitterness inflexible faces softening a trifle. "Oh! I say it again—does Violet really believe that I am dead?" and the eager, quivering tones rang sharply through the room.

"Yes, she believes so; it was so announced in one of the American papers," Lord Cameron replied, with something more of composure, but never losing that first look of horror.

Like a flash Wallace wheeled about and faced Wilhelm Mencke and his trembling wife.

"Tell me that we some more of your miserable work!" he cried, in a terrible voice, "a diabolical plot to separate us. From the first you have left nothing undone to part us, and so, when all else failed, you reported me dead, knowing well that she would never marry another while she believed me to be living. Oh! I see it and know that it was love, my love, I have wronged you!" he concluded, in a tone of anguish.

Then he had turned with such fiery denunciation upon them, Mrs. Mencke shrank from him with such an expression of awe, fear, and guilt upon her face, that she was instantly self-condemned; every one in the room was aware that she had caused that lying paragraph, announcing Wallace's death, to be inserted in the paper to mislead Violet, as if she had openly confessed it.

"Did you do it—did you drive that poor child thus to promise to become my wife?" demanded Lord Cameron, in a voice that was like the ominous calm before a tempest.

The woman was speechless; but her guilty eyes dropped beneath his stern look, for she knew that her miserable secret was revealed.

"You do not know what you have done," Wallace cried, growing wild again, "but you will pay dearly for your treachery—ha! ha! you little dream how dearly it will cost you, when the consequences of your wretched plot shall be noised abroad from the aristocratic summit upon which you have hitherto so proudly stood, and from which you will soon be ruthlessly hurled."

Wilhelm Mencke, having by this time begun to recover somewhat from the shock of Wallace's unexpected appearance, commenced to bluster:

"Look here, you young upstart," he cried, growing very red in the face, and assuming a threatening attitude, "all these charges and accusations may or may not be true—we won't discuss that point just now; but whether it is or not, it can be no possible concern of yours. I should like to know what you mean by bursting in upon respectable people in this rude way. What was Violet to you?—what right or business have you to interfere with whatever she might have chosen to do?"

"The most sacred right in the world, sir, for—she is my wife!"

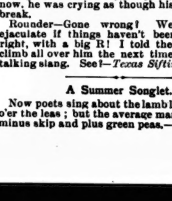
(To be Continued.)

Popular Superstition.

Peacock feathers, whether glittering in yellow jars, or drooping over silver-framed etchings, or laid against folds of dull-colored draperies, are in every instance regarded as unlucky possessions by those who mark the fluctuations of fortune. Testimony sufficient to outweigh every grain of common-sense philosophers can muster has been brought forward to prove the deadly quality of these brilliant plumes. Not one but one hundred poets, actresses and house-wives stand ready with irrefutable arguments and instances of the disaster wrought through the subtle influence of these feathers. They claim that the burnished eyes so highly prized by artists and æsthetes are, in reality, powerful magnets, attracting evil as the galvanized rod draws an electric current. Some of the stories cited to confirm the truth of these charges are entertainingly unique. One small, blond soubrette who has attained considerable distinction in her rollicking *roles*, recalls at the sight of peacock plumage as though in the presence of some venomous reptile. She says every particle of her ill-luck in early life is directly attributable to a fan she once owned, made entirely of the feathers with a handle of ivory—a substance, by the way, almost as inimical to fortune as opals or teak-wood. The fan was given her by her first sweetheart, who died a week later. One disaster after another followed, until she entered the profession in search of a livelihood. For ten long years she dragged about the country, playing in fifth-rate theaters, and studying the seamiest side of actress life. Always the feather disc pursued her; several times she tried to lose it, gave it away once, and when the poor little dunce, a fellow-artist, stepped off the stage of life that hateful fan was returned. It came back just as she was accepting a contract for work in a substantial stock company and no sooner had the ill-omened thing reappeared than news arrived of the burning of the new theater and consequent abandonment of all arrangements. Disheartened and entirely superstitious she was preparing a holocaust of everything connected with peacock feathers, when the strangest thing happened confirming all her suspicions. It was the opening night of a new play by an unknown author, and the soubrette's part was no more than usual importance. While dressing to go on the stage its owner debated a long while what she should do with the fan. In a fit of sullen despair, disappointments having come thick and fast of late, she determined to make an end of doubts, and win or lose by fetich. Affairs went as badly as they generally do at initial performances, the saucy maid-servant, stepping very close to the foot-lights, got off one of the author's jokes that proved unpopular, and brought a shower of angry hisses from all parts of the house. Desperate and excited, the unfortunate actress swung too far forward. In an instant her light skirts were ablaze. Firmly persuaded her fate was decided she neither moved nor screamed, but caught the thin draperies and wrapped them tightly about her body. Such very reasonable conduct saved her life, and rounds of applause rewarded her presence of mind. Strung up to an unnaturally nervous pitch she pinned her charred garments together, and played through the remainder of her part with a touch of genius. After the curtain fell, and friends were together assuring her her fortune was made, thoughts of the peacock fan suddenly flashed across her mind. She recollected having it fast in her hand when the first hiss sounded, and never seeing it again. Begging a light she hurried on the now darkened stage, and sure enough, in the shallow, un-lined trough among the black gas jets lay one or two quills and a scorched fragment of ivory. Mademoiselle always concluded the story by saying: "So my curse was fifted, you see."

"From Thistles, Grapes"

Stout Traveler (inwardly)—This is what I call tough; two hours to wait in this miserable way-station; not a bar in the place, and nobody to look at but that temperance mummy there!



Thin Traveler (suddenly)—Pardon the liberty I take in addressing you, sir; but allow me to offer you a nip of the finest old Blue Grass Whiskey in America—I hate to drink alone!—*Puck.*

The Way He Should Go.

Bounder—Anything gone wrong in your family? When I met your youngest boy, just now, he was crying as though his heart would break.

Rounder—Gone wrong! Well, I should ejaculate if things haven't been going just right, with a big R! I told the kid that I'd climb all over him the next time I heard him talking slang. See!—*Texas Siftings.*

A Summer Songlet.

Now poets sing about the lamb light skipping o'er the leas; but the average man prefers him minus skip and plus green peas.—*Judge.*

To Correspondents.

[Correspondents will address—"Correspondence Column," Saturday Night Office.]

Sarah.—Reserved, prudent, self-willed.

Haha.—Patient, sympathetic and energetic.

Lucille.—Thoughtful, decisive and self-reliant.

Mary Amelia.—Original, shrewd and ready-witted.

Bob.—Good-natured, impulsive, cheerful and generous

Gray Eyes, Montreal.—Decisive, candid, energetic and gay.

Stuart.—Vivacious, courageous, self-willed and enthusiastic.

Kenogran.—Impulse, self-reliance, self-will and sincerity.

Irene Isabel.—Wilfulness, delicacy of feeling, energy and self-esteem.

Stenographer.—Order, reserve, tenderness, sympathy and decision.

Dissatisfied.—Generosity, prudence, sincerity and affectionate disposition.

Susan Rick.—Sympathy, perseverance, an unostentatious nature, energy and gaiety.

Lenita.—You are probably reserved, rather haughty, self-willed, cheerful and sincere

Philiennay.—Your writing indicates good-humor, much kindliness of heart, tender, self-reliance and decision.

Clipper.—If you pour melted tallow on the ink-stain, it will disappear in the wash. This is of course only for linen or cotton.

Skeptic.—Your writing shows determination, good practical ability, a fine sense of justice, candor, prudence and self-reliance.

Vandrie, Montreal.—You are undoubtedly generous, somewhat wilful and thoughtless, with good intuition and considerable self-esteem.

La Tosca.—Writing shows petulance, energy, excitable temperament and a little selfishness. Never mind about the husband. Let him come along in good time.

Water Sprite.—Your writing is indicative of shrewdness, self-esteem, perseverance, firmness and self-reliance. The enclosed shows decision, energy, caution, wilfulness and keen sense of justice.

Sage.—I am very glad you thought the character delineations so correct last week. Your writing indicates prudence, judicious firmness, a ready sympathy, much sensitiveness and excellent intuition.

Pierrot.—Your handwriting is the most easily read and the most peculiar that I have ever seen. It shows excessive order, strong self-will, ambition, a reserved but sympathetic temperament and a love for the social life.

Jacob Rael, Harriston.—I will endeavor to find the date of the evangelists' visit to England, and let you know later on. Your writing shows much originality, imagination, good sequence of ideas, ambitious temperament and much candor.

Brown Eyes.—Yes, I must say I like brown eyes better than those of any other color. Your hair must be split at the ends. Siege them once a month, and do not neglect a daily brushing with vigorous strokes. Candor, perviskness, and an erratic temperament.

St. Rick, Harriston.—Do you mean this: "And the nights shall be filled with music?" I think that is the question referred to. It is from Longfellow. Your writing shows sensitiveness, a fine attention to detail, much individuality, rather dependent nature and much ambition.

Frankie, Jackson's Point.—So you wrote one before, and I did not publish your communication. Well, my dear little friend, if you sent a similar list last time, you should not have been surprised for how could I tell all these things? Your writing shows much carelessness, thoughtfulness, self-reliance and originality. You are rather reserved, but very cheerful.

Flax, Ingersoll.—I am truly glad that things are so nicely arranged for you. You will have time now for reading and improving your mind. Do you read much and what style of literature? I think you are very determined, generous, high spirited and inclined to be just a trifle despondent if things do not answer your expectations. You are ambitious and also orderly.

Juno, Detroit.—The paper has been sent to the number and address you gave. The place is represented as one of very dry and expression. I think it is sympathetic, rather reserved, good-natured, strongly decisive and tender. It is pleasant and cheerful. I lost the column mentioned is readable. Your writing indicates a variable temperament, impulse, candor, generosity and a far too sensitive disposition.

Nautical.—The song you refer to, the words of which run "A strong sou'wester's blowing, Billy," etc., was written by William Pitt and is called The Sailor's Consolation. Your writing indicates an impulsive, generous and sympathetic nature, with an excitable temper and extreme sensitiveness. The scrap enclosed seems very separate from the letter, for I held it over to discover the author of the words, and a definition of the writing was given last week in an explanatory note.

Little Mother.—You are quite right to be firm with the little one. A spoiled child is to be greatly pitied, for unless the selfish habit is cured, the poor little girl will find that the big world's way of curing it costs a great deal in experience. You were quite right to send me word about the delineation. I am glad that you thought it correct. Yes, furnish the room in brown. It will be very pretty, and you have such a good light that your library, with its dear little "snuggery" window, will be a very delightful haunt, I am sure.

Blind Faith.—You misconstrued my remarks on the subject in hand. I respect you as a thoughtful earnest woman battling bravely with life, which is never too easy a too. I think, perhaps, your self-reliance makes you assume a care over everything, and men do hate to be continually nagged or reminded of neglect or thoughtlessness. They like to have deference paid them on account of their greater strength and generally-claimed superiority. 2. The difference between self-esteem and esteem is just the difference of the self. A certain amount of that quality is desirable, else we should be very unsettled in our opinions and unfortunate in our life-work. Yes, I will read the photograph, but send stamps for its return.

Lee Cure, Belleville.—Well, Miss Chiness, from Belleville, I am glad to extend the column's welcome to you. I do not object so strongly to Chinamen as to the Indian council. Both, which are simply torturing. You ask what you can do with a sun burned straw hat. I will tell you, but do not place very ecstatic hopes on your success. Hang the hat over a barrel in which some sulphur-sprinkled coals have been placed. Cover from top with a heavy woolen rug to keep in the smoke, and if you do not burn down the house or let the hat fall on the coals, but conduct things in a masterly and practical manner, I think you will find the complexion of your hat decidedly improved. 2. Rub vaseline on your eyebrows occasionally and take care when drying the face not to stroke them the "right way." Your writing betrays vanity, kindness of heart, ambition, self-will and self-reliance, with considerable generosity.

Gwendoline, Britton.—Have a serge for a knock-about dress, a light weight tweed traveling gown, a fine woolen and a silk or satin dress with two bodices. These, with the cotton and delaine, will make a good half-dozen, and you can get along very nicely with them. Cologne in the water will remove the dust of travel better than anything else, I think, and by all means go on with your daily sponge-bath. It is very invigorating and is as important aid to a clear complexion. Make a linen toilet bag to hold all your little must-haves, and carry it and other necessaries for a long journey in your hand-bag. Do not forget a whisk and shoe-brush, and needle, thread and scissors will be very handy if buttons drop from gloves or dress or an unwary fold is caught by a sly nail. I wish you a very pleasant journey and I thoroughly admire your spirit in the way of preparation. Girls think far too much of dress and their faces, and many a health-giving trip is despoiled of its benefit by senseless folly.

He Thought He'd Better.

"Oh, Manfred!" said the beautiful girl, as she laid her soft, white arms on the moss-covered gate.

"What is it, dearest Ethelreda?" inquired the big, manly fellow softly, as he gazed lovingly into her limpid eyes.

"Do you know how many times you have kissed me last night already?"

"No, sweetheart."

"Just thirteen, Manfred, and I'm awfully superstitious. Don't you think you'd better—"

Just then the moon went under a cloud and the creaking of the gate denoted the fact that Manfred thought he'd better.

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SICK
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HEAD
Ache they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint; but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick head
ACHE
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BLIND FATE.

BY MRS. ALEXANDER,

Author of "The Wooing O't," "A Life Interest," "Mona's Choice," "By Woman's Wit," &c.

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PART II.—CHAPTER III.

MRS. CALLANDER REBUFFED.

Mrs. Callander was deeply wounded and humiliated by her son's refusal to hold any communication with her.

To her such conduct savored of insanity. She could not see anything in the case to justify such an insult to so admirable and devoted a parent as she had been. She had only warned Herbert, from motives of the highest prudence and principle, to put some restriction on the too intimate intercourse between his wife and that Mr. Standish, of whose trustworthiness she was doubtful, and whose views were those of a mere worldling, careless of all religion, as the Rev. Mr. Gillmore observed. She (Mrs. Callander) had only done her duty in speaking plainly on the subject; and to think that it had rankled in her son's heart! That his unfortunate wife should be a source of disunion even in her premature grave!

Her first care was that no one should suspect the estrangement. For this object, under the advice of her clerical counsellor, she resolved to winter abroad, somewhere on the Riviera, where it must be supposed Colonel Callander would join her.

She spoke frankly to Henrietta Oakeley, but to no one else. The sympathetic feeling for Dorothy, for her grandchildren, which seemed to soften and humanize her at first, hardened into her usual imperious coldness. Why should she distress herself about the sister and children of a woman who had so turned her son against her that the desperate grief of the mourning widower refused consolation from his own mother!

Miss Oakeley found her aunt surrounded by her companion, her maid, and her right-hand man, who always traveled with her, and filled the double office of butler and courier. Miss Boothby was administering sal volatile, while Mrs. Callander was issuing her orders.

"You had better lose no time, Harris," she was saying as her niece entered. "You may miss your train, and I wish everything to be ready for my arrival about seven to-morrow."

"Are you going, then, aunt?" cried Henrietta.

"I am. There is nothing to keep me here. Go, Miss Boothby, go. Mitchell; you can be packing and arranging with hotel people. There is plenty to do."

"I am sorry," said her niece; "but, indeed, aunt, you ought not to mind poor Herbert. He is changed towards everyone. He will hardly notice Dorothy, or—"

"I thank you for putting me on a level with his pert, empty-headed chit of a sister-in-law" said Mrs. Callander, in deep wrath. "Considering all I have done, all I have endured for Herbert, I think I deserve different treatment. I forgave his most unpardonable marriage, and bore with his infatuation. I even hoped to influence that poor unfortunate young woman for good, and I should have done so, for since Mr. Egerton somewhat corrected the overweening presence of the guardian (a nice kind of guardian!), Mabel was much more ready to be my companion. But I knew the marriage would end badly, and you see it has."

"But, auntie, you don't mean to say that this horrid murder was the just and natural punishment of what you consider an imprudent marriage?" exclaimed Miss Oakeley.

"I am not going to measure my words to please you, Henrietta," said Mrs. Callander. "I hope that no subtleties on the part of Miss Dorothy Wynn will turn you against one who has been your best friend. I am always willing to be on affectionate terms with you, but—" She paused and pressed her handkerchief to her eyes.

"You and Miss Wynn had better make what arrangements you can about the children. Of course, my son would not wish them to remain with such a monster as he fancies his own mother to be, and I have a good deal to do—letters to write—I will not, therefore, detain you."

"Good gracious, aunt! Do you intend to turn me out?"

"I repeat that I am engaged," returned Mrs. Callander, stiffly.

"I declare it is all too heart-breaking," cried Henrietta, bursting into tears. "I am sure you will not be so angry when you come to think it."

"I will try to act like a Christian woman, but you must remember I have a good deal in my power," said Mrs. Callander coldly. At this threatening speech poor Henrietta was at her wits' ends, and thinking of nothing better than to kiss her aunt rather violently, thereby disarranging her cap, and leaving the room abruptly, returned to The Knoll hoping to be in time to catch Standish.

She arrived in time to see Colonel Callander set out with his faithful follower, Collins. As Dorothy excused herself from the pain of seeing Egerton, the travelers were to meet at the station.

Callander bid both Henrietta and his sister-in-law farewell with more composure than they expected. He thanked Henrietta for her kindness, and promised to write from time to time.

When he was gone, the two weeping women took counsel with Standish, Henrietta describing the dowager's unfriendly aspect. It was then decided that Dorothy should take up her abode with the children, as soon as Mrs. Callander had left the hotel, while Miss Oakeley went up to town, and, with the help of Standish, should find a suitable house for the winter, as Henrietta Oakeley's last original idea was to devote herself to "that dear Dorothy and those sweet, motherless pets!" To Standish she was quite confidential, and addressed him in the usual amiable candor: "Of course, London is the best place for us. If Herbert comes back he will, of course, come to London, and if I want a little change, I can easily go to and fro. Then Mr. Egerton, after the first wretchedness of this terrible affair is past, will probably renew his attentions to Dorothy, who had much better marry him; and London is the best place for a trousseau."

"You are looking very far ahead," returned Standish, almost amused at her practical view of things, in spite of her sincere sorrow.

"It does not strike me that Egerton has much chance. Dorothy never liked him much, and now this cruel grief seems to have turned her in some inexplicable manner against him."

"How very foolish and unreasonable!"

"Yes, it seems so. Where are you going to put up, Miss Oakeley?"

"Oh, in Dover street, for I shall not ask Aunt Callander for hospitality, I assure you. I do want to get settled before you leave, Mr. Standish. I do not know what we should do without you."

Ready money is the true Aladdin's Lamp. Before his potent touch, mountains remove themselves, and difficulties melt away.

In two days Miss Oakeley had found a suitable furnished house large enough for her needs, and somewhat old-fashioned, in a street leading from Kensington Gore, near enough to Kensington Gardens to ensure the children air and exercise, and sufficiently removed from the noise of the main roadway to be quiet.

All this movement was absolute enjoyment to Henrietta. She fancied she was developing a first-rate business faculty, and constantly called on Standish to admire her skill in arranging this, that or the other. Then she would remember that she was forgetting her grief, and treat him to an outburst of sorrow.

But Standish was a keen observer, and saw that her little affectations were mere surface assumptions, but that honesty was deep-rooted in her somewhat whimsical nature.

Miss Oakeley was solacing herself with a cup of tea after a long day's shopping and transacting various business connected with the house when Dorothy, who had been with her in the forenoon, was ushered into her sitting-room.

"What has happened?" was her question as soon as she looked in his face.

"Callander has given them the slip. He is off by himself to Paris. I found a note from his man of business at my rooms when I returned after leaving you at the house agent's this morning, and on going there heard that he had started this morning, leaving no distinct directions respecting money matters, letters, etc. He had spent several hours with them the day before yesterday. He had a short codicil put to his will and regulated some affairs. Among other things he directed that in what concerned Dorothy I was to be consulted. Dobson, the head of the firm, could laughed at the idea of his not being able to take care of himself. He said that, though terribly crushed and depressed, he never saw a man in a more thoroughly sane condition. Callander left an address in Paris and will write from thence. He sent off old Collins to Fordsea. Dorothy will be horribly frightened when he arrives."

"And Mr. Egerton, what does he say?"

"Egerton seems in a bad way. I went round to see him and found him very queer. Callander sent him a note saying that he wanted no companionship. Egerton could not, I think, have accompanied him. His man, a German, says he caught a severe chill, at any rate he is in a high fever, and more in want of control than poor Callander."

"How very dreadful!" cried Miss Oakeley. "That poor Mr. Egerton has really too much feeling. One would not have expected it from him. Who is with him? He ought to have someone to take care of him."

"He has resolved to go into a hospital—into a private room of course. He says he will be guarded there against prying relatives. He has no very near relations, but he seems nervously anxious to be shielded from them."

"How very strange! Surely he has some old housekeeper, some faithful old nurse, who could come to him."

"Probably, but not in London; he has no town house, you know."

"It is all so dreadful. Nothing but misfortune seems to follow us. I am quite frightened at the idea of Herbert going off alone."

"I am not sure after all that it may not be better for him to depend on himself, to be away from all who are associated with this terrible tragedy."

"I will get away as early as I can to-morrow, for I am sure poor dear Dorothy will be dreadfully distressed when Collins returns."

This was not, however, the effect produced on Dorothy's mind by the sudden appearance of Callander's old servant; she was supremely thankful that, anyhow, Egerton was prevented from accompanying her brother-in-law."

With her suspicions, it seemed too painful an anomaly that Egerton should be selected as the consoling friend of the bereaved husband.

It was with a sense of relief that Dorothy at last found herself back in London, away from the scene of death and horror that had stamped itself so indelibly in her imagination.

The neighborhood selected by Miss Oakeley was new to her, as the house occupied by her sister during the previous winter was at the other side of the park, near the ponderous mansion of the dowager, in one of the Tyburnian squares.

How strange, how heart-breaking it seemed, this settling down to life again without Mabel. The children, too, had almost ceased to ask for "mammie;" this saved some pangs, yet how cruel it was that the sweet mother should be forgotten.

"When they are older I will talk to them about her—and help to keep her memory green," thought Dorothy.

Miss Oakeley was occupied with her new attempts at housekeeping, and took much counsel with Mrs. M'Hugh. She was also profoundly concerned about Egerton.

She called or sent every day to enquire for him at the hospital where he had insisted on being taken. His illness was severe and prolonged, for a week there was little hope, and Miss Oakeley more than once reproached Dorothy with her indifference to the fate of a man who had loved her and shown even greater sympathy in the family sorrow than Standish.

"I don't think you care a straw about whether he lives or dies," she concluded, one day, about a week after Paul had gone to Berlin.

"I am not indifferent, Henrietta," said Dorothy, in a low, tremulous voice. "God only knows all I feel, and she hastily left the room, to commune with her own heart.

"Does she really care for him?" thought Miss Oakeley, looking after her in some surprise. "Is she concealing her liking for some a bare romantic reason? If he recovers and she loses him for a mere whim, how bitterly sorry she will be by-and-by."

Dorothy was indeed deeply moved by the judgment which seemed hanging over Egerton. Profoundly as she felt and feared, she could not bring herself to think of his being hurried into eternity with this terrible unrepented guilt upon his soul, if he had a soul! For how would any remnant of the divine—the immortal—linger in a man whose conscience would permit him first to use his psychic force, his powers of attraction, to draw a simple guileless creature like Mabel from the husband she really loved, and then, failing in his diabolical treachery, to destroy the life he could not pervert. Every particular of Egerton's conduct since her sister's cruel death pointed to his guilt. Even the detective, without the key she held to the mystery, had gathered enough information to suggest the idea of jealousy as a motive, and having gained so much he would surely come to the true conclusion. Yes; for all their sakes, especially for Mabel's sake, it would be be better that Egerton died. Yet she dared not wish it. She understood why he insisted on going into a hospital to be nursed by strangers! He feared betraying himself in the ravings of delirium. What might he not say! To what extent might he not implicate Mabel!

Haunted by these tormenting thoughts, Dorothy's soft, dark-gray eyes grew feverishly restless for want of sleep, her hands were dry and burning. Noticing these indications of mental distress, Miss Oakeley changed her mind and decided that far from being heartlessly indifferent to Egerton, Dorothy was dying of anxiety about him; she therefore brought the daily report of him with much *empressement* to her young friend, and often turned the conversation on him, his delightful qualities, his large fortune, his good looks, his position, etc., till Dorothy was almost compelled to cry aloud for mercy, while Miss Oakeley set her down as a silly sentimentalist quite ridiculous with her unreasonable pride.

A few days after Paul Standish had left for Berlin, Dorothy was busy writing to him (it was the one occupation which gave her pleasure), when a card was brought to her:

"Mr. L. Dillon," below which was written in pencil, "Portland Hotel."

"Show him in," said Dorothy, with an odd sensation of sickness.

"I thought you had left England," she said, when he had made his bow and stood silent before her.

"I found one or two little things to detain me," he returned in a humbly polite tone, his eyes fixed on the ground, "and I made so bold as to call before starting for Paris."

"Can I do anything for you?" asked Dorothy, civilly. She felt such a coward before this man who might hold in his hand the issues of life or death.

"Not much, miss. I only thought I'd make sure of Mr. Standish before I went. Is he still in the same place?" showing her his Berlin address in his note-book. "I may have to pass through, and I'd like to call if he is still there."

"I am sorry, but he is in Berlin to be will tied that hotel; but what can possibly take you to Berlin? What can you find there?"

"Not much of your affair, miss, but I am working in another matter with it, so I hope to make one thing help the other."

"Is there, then, a connecting chain between crime and crime, however wide apart?" asked Dorothy, sadly.

"I don't know for that, miss, but it is right down curious how often looking for one thing you light on another. I was sorry to hear Mr. Egerton was so bad," he went on with a change of tone, "he must be a real tender-hearted gentleman."

"He is," said Dorothy, with a degree of steadiness that surprised herself. "I suppose being quiet and disinterested, the chill he got took greater effect upon him."

"Oh, it was a chill was it? Well, they did not say so when I called at the hospital to inquire."

"Did you see him," asked Dorothy, quickly.

"No—no, they would not let me see him, though he is a little better this morning, I suppose, with all the care he has, he will recover?"

"It is hard to say."

"Well, I will not trouble you, miss, any longer, as you think Mr. Standish won't go anywhere else till he comes back, and when may that be?"

"In a fortnight or three weeks."

"Then I'll wish you good morning—but stay—maybe you'd tell me if you ever saw anything like this before."

He took from his pocket a very small parcel in brown paper; within was something folded in silver paper, and when that was opened, the detective placed upon the palm of his hand a fragment of chased silver; it was like half a scallop shell, very thin and blackened, and in the center was part of the hole, though which it had been rivetted to something.

Dorothy looked at it intently; she had a dim recollection of having seen something like it somewhere. It was certainly not strange to her, but she would not give this dreadful man a clue.

"No," she said, steadily; "I have never seen it before. Where did you find it?"

"Well, miss; for the present you must excuse my answering that question. It mayn't be of any value; if you had recognized it, why, it might have been a link. It's foreign work manship, this, but I don't know where exactly it comes from. It might be the ornament of a dagger; a thing they stick on the scabbard to make it look fine."

"Pretty!" echoed Dorothy, with a shudder; and then, looking straight at him, she said, quietly: "I really know nothing about it."

"Then you can say nothing. Sorry I troubled you, miss."

"Do not apologise. Of course I am anxious to give you what help I can," said Dorothy, civilly.

"Are you now!" he returned. Suddenly uplifting his eyes, he sent a glance of such intense searching inquiry into hers, that she felt as if a shaft of strongest light had pierced into the innermost recesses of her heart, and revealed all her miserable doubts and suspicions, and terror lest her darling sister's weak tampering with evil, and its terrible outcome of crime and death, should be dragged forth before the pitiless gaze of the law and all lookers on. With a degree of strength that surprised herself, she answered calmly:

"Can you doubt it?"

"Well, no, I suppose not," he said, with some deliberation, as he folded up his mysterious relic, and put it carefully in his large note-book.

"I hope Mrs. M'Hugh and the children are well, miss? Beautiful little creatures; it's enough to make even a hardened man wish he's self ready to break his heart to look at them!"

"Thank you, the children are well. Mrs. M'Hugh is a good deal shaken, as, indeed, we all are."

"Small blame to ye," said Dillon, heartily, and he took his hat from the chair with the hand placed on it. "You may trust me, miss, I'll not leave a stone unturned, not one! to find the villain—the real villain, I mean, that took the dear lady's life."

Another long, searching look, and he left the room.

There was more of threat than assurance in his tone, Dorothy thought, as she sat down again to her writing-table. Resting her elbows on it, she covered her face with her hands and thought deeply with all her might where she had seen that morsel of silver ornament before.

It must have been some time ago since she had seen it. Was it among a variety of dagger points, yataghans, arms of foreign countries, that Egerton had shown them—one happy afternoon she had gone with Mabel and Standish to tea at Egerton's chambers in the city? Yes; it must have been there she had seen some curious daggers with ornaments on their scabbards both in brass and silver; was it there she had seen something like the fragment presented to her by Dillon? She hoped, passionately hoped, she had said nothing, admitted nothing, that man could use into evidence against Egerton. Had Egerton been her nearest and dearest she could not more earnestly have desired to shield him.

Why was this man Dillon going away abroad when Egerton, whom he evidently suspected, was in London, and likely to remain there? Probably other business called him away, and he wished to mix up matters, so that he might appear to be occupied about the Callander tragedy as well as others. Would the day ever come when she could look back with simple, tender grief, unmixed with terror lest the shameful secret, known only to herself, should leak out?

After thinking in profound stillness for many minutes she gathered herself together and taking her pen added some lines to her letter:

"I have just had a visit from Dillon, the detective. He wanted to know if you would stay in Berlin all the time you were away. He thinks he may be going there. I cannot say how much I dislike and distrust this man. I wish this sad affair were in other hands, but you know best. Henrietta tells me that Mr. Egerton is a shade better to-day. We have not had a line from Paris since Herbert went there. I must say I can hardly unease about him. The children are very well, poor little dears. When are you coming back? I feel unutterably lonely when you are away, though Henrietta is kinder than I can ever quite wonderfully good. I daresay this is a stupid letter, but I am very miserable, and misery is selfish. Always your affectionate ward,

"DOROTHY WYNN."

"P. S.—Do take care of Dillon. I somehow feel sure that if anyone offered him money enough he would, and perhaps could, prove you or me or anyone guilty!"

This signed, sealed and posted, Dorothy felt a little more at ease, and responded favorably to Henrietta's request that she should come out and drive.

"So you have had that clever detective here to-day!" said Miss Oakeley, as they crossed the park intending to inquire for the dowager Mrs. Callander. "I wish I had seen him. They say he is something extraordinary—can absolutely read your thoughts."

"I wish I could read his," returned Dorothy.

"He is quite inscrutable."

"For my own part I do not believe that one man is so much cleverer than others," said Miss Oakeley. "Why should he be so? I fancy it all depends on the circulation of the blood."

Mrs. Callander was at home, and graciously pleased to admit her niece and Dorothy. She was in a state of preparation for an early start next day, and was very, very cold, collected and tacciturn.

She did not ask if Dorothy or Henrietta had any news of her son, which showed that he had not communicated with her.

She said she was going to Nice, and hoped later to be joined by Rev. Thomas Gillmore, whose overtaxed frame and mind needed rest and relaxation.

"It is in moments of mental anguish one can appreciate the good counsels of a truly Christian friend," she added, with that indescribable "I-am-better-than-you" tone peculiar to the exclusively religious world.

"I can only wish you both knew where to look for peace and comfort," was her concluding sentence, spoken severely, with a stern look at both her visitors.

"I am sure, aunty, I am not a bad sort of a young woman!" returned Miss Oakeley, with something of her former flippancy (of late her speech had been more out and low), "and as to comfort, can't I read my Bible as well as you?"

"Is that a becoming answer to a woman so sorely tried as I am?" returned Mrs. Callander, with dignity.

"No, it is not," cried her niece, penitently. "I am too stupid and hasty."

"Try and rule your tongue, Henrietta! Dorothy Wynn, I trust you will prove worthy the charge my son preferred entrusting to you rather than to me. Do not let any youthful volatility divert you from the duty you owe to your sister's motherless children."

"As little as possible, do you think I can ever feel young again?"

"I do not know you well enough to judge."

After bidding them an formal farewell, Mrs. Callander dismissed her visitors, who were very glad to return home.

Here they found a letter awaiting them from Colonel Callander. It was brief but clear, and fairly well written.

He was leaving Paris next day, he said; though he had no intention of the thought of traveling in Norway and Sweden. They should hear from him again, and he would send an address where letters might reach him. He hoped to have good news of the children, he desired his love to Dorothy. He had nothing to report of himself. He was the same as when they parted, and would be always.

The letter was addressed to Miss Oakeley. Both she and Dorothy wept over it. There was an echo of desolation in it infinitely touching.

(To be continued.)

The New Help.

"Here you! Thingumm! What's-your-name! What under the sun are you doing with the lawn mower!"

"I Larn mowwer, is it? Sure, an' ol'm thryin' to use the sch-wyth, mum, as ye could see. It's none too aisy wid de carpit, mum; but it's fareful job wid de trimmin's on de roog.—*Harpers' Bazar.*

Her Birthday Gift to Her Husband.

Madame D., in Vienna, was a very careful sort of person. She met Madame S., who asked her what birthday present she had made to her husband. Madame D. replied:

"You see, I find it very difficult to save anything from my housekeeping money these hard times, and I had to set my wits to work. My husband, you know, is an inveterate smoker and passionately fond of a good cigar. During the last three months, I have every evening taken a cigar out of his case and stowed it away in a box. On the evening before his birthday, I presented him with this case as a surprise, and, you should have seen how delighted he was."

Called Cuteness.

Here is a paradox with which to grapple:
'Twas the first pair that tasted the first apple.

When angels are entertained unawares, the entertainment is generally nothing to brag of.

It doesn't do to aim too high. If you make the smith your mark, the arrows will fall back on your own head.

A paragraph may have as much force as a treatise. If a man can be killed with a darning needle, why hire trained elephants to roll over him!

Garrulous Mrs. Gallison—Let me see—it was in eighteen fifty-three—I remember th' date perfectly, because Milly, here, was a child in arms, and—

Milly—S-s-s-s-sh, mother!

Mudge—I was robbed of my good name this morning. Yabsley—Who did it? Mudge—The census-taker, of course. Yabsley—Well, he will get two cents on it, and that is more than you can do.

City friend—Jack, why in thunder do you push that dreadful machine over the grass when you come home tired out? Suburbanite—It not because I love my leisure less, but my lawn mower.

A stylishly-dressed young lady was walking down a back street in a provincial town the other day, when a tatterdemalion crossed her abominable din that she attracted the notice of two loafers. "Say, Bill," said one, "wot's that 'ere thing?" "Dunno," said the other; "but I should think he's a dealer in second-hand ladies."

First Young Lady—Oh, I'm so glad to meet you, dear; and how have things gone on since I've been away? Has the new curate arrived?"

Second Young Lady—Yes, and it was awfully muddy; and what do you think that sly thing Miss Smithers did? Why, she didn't tell anyone, but took a piece out of one of his foot-prints, and is embroidering him a pair of red silk slippers. I call it hatefully mean."

Bismarck on Smoking.

During the negotiations which succeeded the Franco-German war, the German Chancelior offered Sir Richard Wallace a cigar, which the latter declined, as being no smoker. "There you are wrong," said the prince. "On entering into a conversation likely to involve differences of opinion and heated controversy, a smoker has the advantage. You see, when you smoke, the cigar you hold between your fingers paralyzes to some extent your physical movements. Morally speaking, it soothes us without impairing our mental faculties in the slightest degree. The cigar forms a diversion; the blue smoke rising in spiral curls, puts you into a conciliatory mood. You feel happy; your eyes are occupied, your hand has something to do, your sense of smell is gratified. You are inclined to make mutual concessions, and our business, as diplomatists, consists chiefly in mutual concessions. You, who do not smoke, have one advantage over me, the smoker—you are more vigilant; and one disadvantage, you are more ready to be carried away and to yield to a first impulse."

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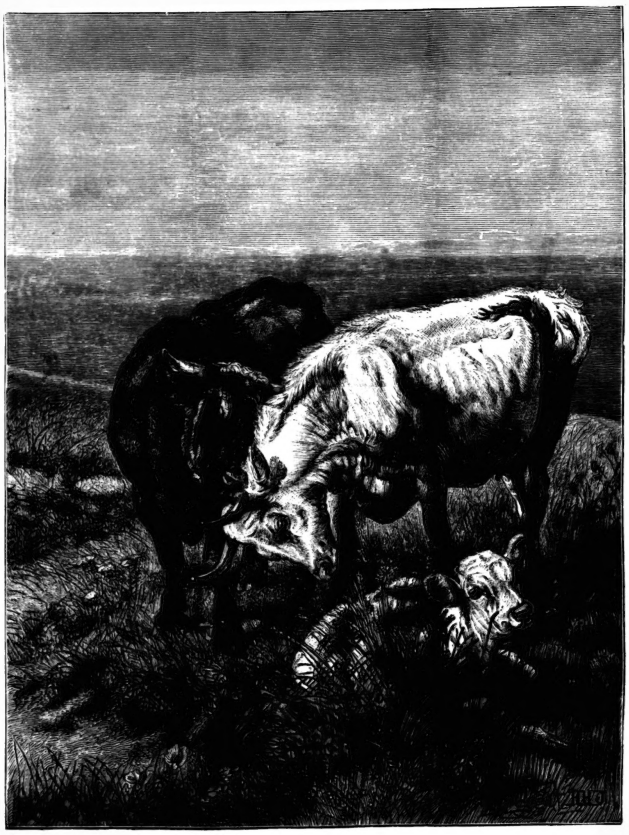

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WM. PICKLES, 328 Yonge St.

Children's Tan Shoes
SPRING HEELS
AND
Summer Shoes
FOR EVERYBODY
IN
Black
and
Colored
Kid
WM. WEST & CO., 246 Yonge Street

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Conducted by MISS PATON
Artistic and careful study is devoted to Evening Dresses and Bridal Trousseaux, also Traveling and Walking Costumes. Boating, Tennis and Holiday Suits, also Riding Habits, a specialty. Possessing favorable facilities for the prompt and speedy attention to Mourning orders, we have undoubted confidence of assuring entire satisfaction.
ROOMS—R. WALKER & SONS

MISS PLUMMER
MODISTE
57 GLOUCESTER STREET

WANZER LAMPS
Are the popular lamps of the day
No chimney to break
No danger to fear
No oil to waste
With one lamp you obtain a fine 50-candle power light. Heat a quart of water in a few minutes
Get a breakfast or cook a dinner
Call at 98 King Street West and examine them

LOOK
FOR THIS SPACE NEXT WEEK
Something of special interest to those who appreciate
ART - IN - DRESS
TAYLOR & CO.
Art Tailors - - 89 Yonge St.

438 YONGE ST.
OPP. CARLTON STREET.
MISS HOLLAND
Would intimate to her customers and ladies generally that she has now a very large and choice stock of
French Patterns in Millinery
Together with novelties in
Flowers, Ribbons, &c.
Of which she would solicit inspection. Also very handsome Jackets and Small Dolmans.
Dressmaking Department under first-class management and most satisfactory results.

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Accurately fitted. First quality lenses. Opera and Field Glasses, Thermometers, &c.
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In connection with Vanderbilt system of railways. The short and picturesque summer route to
Falls, Buffalo, New York, Boston, &c.
PALACE STEAM STEAMERS
Cibola and Chicora
Leave Yonge St. Wharf daily (except Sunday) at 7 a.m., 11 a.m., 2 p.m. and 4.45 p.m.
Tickets at all principal offices and on boats.
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STEAMER
Empress of India
Leaves Geddes' Wharf, foot of Yonge Street, daily at 7.30 a.m. and 3.40 p.m. for Port Dalhousie, making close connect ons for St. Catharines, Niagara Falls, Buffalo, New York, and all points east.
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Sold d trains. Quick time. Tickets at all G. T. R. and Empress of India agents and on wharf

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The Old and Popular Rail Route to
MONTREAL, DETROIT, CHICAGO
And all Principal Points in
CANADA AND THE UNITED STATES
It is positively the only line from Toronto running the celebrated Pullman's Palace Sleeping, Buffet and Parlor Cars, electric lighted. Speed, safety, civility.
For fares, time tables, tickets and reliable information apply at the city ticket offices.
F. J. SLATTER, City Passenger Agent,
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NOTED FOR SAFETY
[Established more than fifty years ago.
Never Lost the Life of a Passenger
A. F. WEBSTER
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NIAGARA RIVER LINE
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Lovely summer route to
Buffalo, Niagara Falls, Cleveland, New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Washington and all American Points
Special attention given to Church and Society excursions;
Ocean steamship tickets sold to England and the Continent. For full particulars and tickets apply to
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THROUGH SLEEPERS FROM
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OLD ORCHARD
On the Maine Coast, and to all
WHITE MOUNTAIN POINTS
Commencing 4th July
And every TUESDAY and FRIDAY thereafter during the Summer season.
For rates and full information apply to 118 King Street West, 58 Yonge Street, 24 York Street.

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Everything in the Musical line, up to the times, and at right prices.
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The small purchase amounting to 55c.—fifty-five cents, for which a numbered receipt or voucher is given, may win the prize of the watch worth one thousand dollars—$1000. Americans as well as Canadians will please note the fact. This said watch is the finest in America as a mechanical work of art. Send for circulars.
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Out of Town.

NIAGARA-ON-THE-LAKE.

The Niagara Conference—more commonly called the Believers' Meetings—held annually for the past eight years in the large pavilion at the north side of the extensive grounds of the Queen's Royal Hotel, began Thursday, July 10, and continued during the eight following days. No prettier or more picturesque and delightful spot could have been selected for the building in which the people gathered for bible study and lectures than the ground upon which it stands. Immediately in front of it—for it is within only a few yards of the edge of the bank—is a beautiful, unbroken view of Lake Ontario and the wide lazily-flowing waters of the Niagara river; while behind, like a background of foliage, are a row of houses almost entirely lost beyond and beneath the low-spreading trees for which the town is justly famous. Even on the hottest days there is always a refreshingly cool breeze from the waters beneath which, alas! very often presented a too distractingly pretty appearance, for when the eye is intent upon following the flight of some of the many white-winged little sail boats which are continually passing backwards and forwards, or the winding course of a stately yacht with its merry crew of broad faced sailors and dainty girlish figures, the thoughts are likely to follow the sight and too frequently, at least to the frivolous-minded, the voice of the earnest preacher within grew dim and indistinct, as sweet peals of laughter and snatches of gay song floated up from the boats gliding below. The meetings were all remarkably well attended—an average probably of about five hundred at each one—many coming from a great distance, both from the United States and various parts of Canada. Mr. Winnett is to be congratulated upon his success in providing the much needed accommodation both for those taking an active part in the proceedings and those who came earnestly hoping to derive a benefit from the services and lectures. On previous occasions numbers found it impossible to obtain comfortable quarters near enough to the pavilion to conveniently attend all the diets, but this year the proprietors of the Queen's erected a very suitable little temporary hotel near the west wing of the main building, which, if not as imposing and ornate a structure as the hotel proper, at least afforded the necessary accommodation. Among the very energetic workers who assisted most untiringly in making the arrangements in any way connected with the meetings might be mentioned, Rev. H. M. Parsons of Toronto, Mr. W. J. Edman, secretary of the conference, Rev. Mr. Mawle of Sunderland, England, Rev. J. H. Brooks of St. Louis, whose able and stirring address on the verbal inspiration of the Old and New Testaments will not be soon forgotten by those present on Monday evening, and a number of others, all noble and earnest workers in the great cause. A few of those who attended were Rev. Dr. Uren, Rev. Mr. Jamieson, pastor of the Niagara Methodist chapel; Rev. Mr. Smith of the Presbyterian church; Rev. J. C. Garratt, curate in charge of St. Mark's church; his worship the Mayor and Mrs. Paffard, Miss Alice Baldwin, Mr. and Mrs. H. Garrett, Mrs. H. Hewgill, Rev. Henry Baldwin, rector of the Church of the Ascension, Toronto; Mr. Edmund Baldwin of Toronto, Rev. Mr. Howett of Stoney Creek, Rev. Mr. Wade of Old St. Paul's, Woodstock; Mrs. (Judge) Baxter and her sister, Mrs. Aikens, of Woodstock, Mr. and Mrs. Crompton of Drummondville, and Mrs. Boyd of Toronto, Miss Rye of the Western Home, accompanied by Miss Greene and Miss May of London, Eng., Rev. Mr. Brookman of Toronto, Mrs. Hugh Blain, Miss Henderson and Miss E. Milloy. One thing in connection with the services deserves special mention, and that is the singing, which was led ably and well by Mr. Bilhorn's rich, strong baritone. He was supported by a choir of remarkably good male voices, but it is rarely one has the power, which Mr. Bilhorn possesses, of so thoroughly controlling the voices of five or six hundred people who have gathered together from different places for the short period of eight days without any preparatory practice of the sweet old airs which, though they may be familiar to hundreds, must be entirely new to numbers present. Many a timid and voiceless congregation might well take example and imitate the hearty, earnest singing of the choir and members of the Niagara Conference, who are indeed to be congratulated upon having secured the services of such a willing and capable organist and leader as Mr. Bilhorn.

Mr. Eugene Kirby of Calgary, N.W.T., and his fair English bride are the guests of our famous Niagara poet, Mr. William Kirby, who has won for himself a name not only among the local writers, but among the noted literary men of Canada.

Mr. and Mrs. Martin Burrell of St. Catharines, Mr. Arthur Burrell of Baltimore, Miss Clarkson of Toronto, and her niece, Miss Naomi Lumbe of Hamilton, were the guests during the past week of Mrs. H. Paffard.

Mr. Ferrers Knybett, so well known in the dramatic world of New York, is the guest of Mr. A. Howe at his beautiful farm on the Lake Shore road.

Mrs. Edward Porter and her fairy-like little daughter are staying with Mrs. Morgan Baldwin, at her summer residence, Delatre Lodge. A few years ago Mrs. Porter (then Miss Louie Ridout of Toronto) was a frequent summer visitor at Niagara, and her numerous friends extend to her a very hearty welcome upon this her first return since her marriage.

Among the guests registered at the Hotel Chautauqua, during the past week, are Miss Marion McBean of Hamilton, a niece of Mrs. W. Beardmore, whose sweet face has already won her many admirers, and Mrs. J. O. Heward and her charming family, who have for a time deserted their beautiful residence on Bloor street and will occupy a suite of rooms at the main hotel, Chautauqua.

The Misses Nelles of St. Catharines are registered among the guests at the quaint little Lake Side hotel, Chautauqua.

Mrs. Fabian of Toronto and Mrs. Butler of Paisley are the guests of Mrs. H. Garrett, at her residence, The Willows.

Mr. and Mrs. Livingstone Lansing and family of Buffalo are again settled at their beautiful home, Woodlawn, for the summer. Few houses in town entertain more strangers from the American border, and it is the privilege of few guests to have a more charming and delightful hostess than Mrs. Lansing, or a host as entertaining and genial as the present owner of Wool Lawn.

Mr. and Mrs. John Lewis will spend the summer at their artistically beautiful home, Rowanwood. Mrs. McPike, also of St. Louis, will be their guest during their stay here.

The yacht Cygnet has been anchored in front of the Queen's Hotel during the past week. More than one merry party have enjoyed a delightful cruise a few miles out into the lake, and those who remained behind enjoyed the rare treat of hearing some very sweetly-rendered songs and choruses floating back as the yacht dipped lightly over the waves and grew fainter in the distance.

Mrs. Anson Campbell of Montreal and her daughter, Fluffy, a veritable little vision of loveliness, are registered at Doyle's Hotel.

Mrs. Hugh Blain of Toronto is spending the summer at Mrs. Hewgill's.

Mr. Wynder Strathy and Mr. Stewart Strathy spent Sunday in town.

Mrs. J. L. Scarth of Wilcox street, Toronto, spent last Sunday with her mother, Mrs. F. M. Morson. She returned home on Monday, accompanied by Mrs. Morson, who will spend a few days in Toronto.

Silence reigned supreme over the ball-room of the Queen's hotel last Saturday evening. No hop was held, as in previous years, during the meetings of the Niagara Conference.

GALATEA.

BELLEVILLE.

Miss Kathleen Jones of Toronto is the guest of Mrs. H. Corby.

Mrs. C Ridley of Ottawa is visiting her sisters, the Misses Murney.

Mr. H. Corby, M.P., welcomed a party of gentlemen, on Saturday afternoon, to an excursion up the bay and through the Murray canal.

Miss Mary Falkiner has returned from Toronto.

Mr. H. Corby, M.P. and Mrs. Corby gave another of those delightful excursions up the bay and through the Murray canal, on Friday afternoon, to a party of about twenty ladies and gentlemen, in their steam yacht, The Cosette.

Miss M. Biggar has returned from her visit to Toronto.

Miss Egan, niece of Mgr. Farrelly, has gone to Stratford on a visit.

Mrs. R. C. Clute gave a tennis party on Tuesday afternoon.

Miss Maud Cameron, daughter of Mrs. John Cameron of Regina, is visiting her aunt, Mrs. McGuin, Octavia street.

Mr. Stephen Lazier left on Saturday for a trip to England and the Continent.

One of Dickens' Jokes.

One night Dickens had several persons—Wilkie Collins among the number—dining in extempore fashion with him in his rooms over the office of *All the Year Round*, in Wellington street. It was not a set meal of many courses—simply some fish, a joint, an *entree*, cheese, and a salad—ordered from a neighboring restaurant. The wines passed round freely, and there was much smoking. "Dickens," said Collins, "how about a glass of port? Is it possible here?" The eyes of the host twinkled. An idea had evidently shot through his brain. "Wilkie," asked he, "you are a fine judge of port, are you not?" Collins shrugged his shoulders, but the smile that decorated his features plainly indicated his belief in his judgment. Dickens wrote a hurried note, summoned a servant, who departed. "Now, gentlemen," said he to his guests, "I am going to give you a glass of wine such as you rarely enjoy. It's a wine with a history, and ought to be drunk in silence with a prayer at one's heart." And so he went on praising the port in exaggerated sentences. In a few moments the messenger returned, and a bottle of port was opened and passed round. Dickens cocked his eye, and affected to admire the rich deep tint of the wine. Then he applied it to his nose, and burst forth into panegyrics about the sublimity of its bouquet. Finally he tasted it, and his palate seemed to experience an ecstasy of enjoyment. His enthusiasm was infectious. Wilkie Collins and the other convives imitated the master. They all cocked their eyes, smelled languorously, and sipped with deliberation. "Exquisite!" said one, "Glorious!" protested another. "What do you say, Wilkie?" inquired Dickens; "how does it strike you?" "A glass of delicious wine. I should say it must be twenty years in bottle, and it has the perfume of a flower." They filled their glasses and the bottle was soon empty. "Now, gentlemen," said Dickens, as the last drop fell from the bottle, "I am really glad you like that wine, and it is further evidence of what I believe to be true—that few are capable of judging wine correctly after eating heartily, drinking generously, and smoking immoderately. Imagination has a good deal to do with the formation of opinion under such conditions. I have turned on a great deal of unnecessary gas about that wine. I am sorry to be compelled to shatter your illusions, but what you have drank is Short's port, and it cost three-and-six-pence a bottle."

Please Remember.

It is worth remembering that no newspaper is printed especially for one person. People who become greatly displeased with something they find in a newspaper should remember that the very thing that displeases them is exactly the thing that will most please somebody that has just as much interest in the paper as they have. It takes all kinds of people to make a world, we are told, and the patrons of a newspaper are made up of the elements of the world.

A Good Start.

Merrill—How is the new university in your city coming on?

Woolly—Oh, splendidly. The baseball and football grounds are laid out, and the boat house built, and we've secured seven athletic instructors. We're going to hire a man to teach Latin and history and all that, and I expect we'll open with a large class next fall.—*West Shore.*

He Knew His Man.

Inexperienced Rider—What! you wish me to pay in advance! Are you afraid I shan't come back with the horse?

Proprietor of Livery Stables—Ahem, it is just possible the horse may come back without you!

Not Much.

"Do you consider marriage a failure?" asked the summer boarder of the farmer.

"Young feller," replied the husbandman, impressively, "I've been married four times, an' every time to a widder who owned a farm 'l'inin' mine."

So Considerate.

Husband (newly married)—Don't you think, love, if I were to smoke, it would spoil the curtains?

Wife—Ah! you are really the most unselfish and thoughtful husband to be found anywhere; certainly it would.

Husband—Well, then, take the curtains down.

EXCURSION,

TO

Burlington Beach and Hamilton

Under the auspices of the ladies of

DENISON AVENUE CHURCH OF CHRIST

ON THURSDAY, JULY 24

By the elegant and safe steamers MACASSA and MODJESKA at usual hours, 7:30 and 11 a.m., and 2 and 5:15 p.m. A thoroughly enjoyable and popular trip. Tickets can be obtained at VanEvery's ticket office.

PRICES: ADULTS 50 CTS., CHILDREN 25 CTS.

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FLOWER SHOW

Wednesday and Thursday Next

July 23 and 24

Band of the Royal Grenadiers Each Evening

DRESS CUTTING

The New Tailor System (Late Prof. Moody's) stands First and Best, is taught thoroughly here or through the mail. Satisfaction assured. Large inducements to agents.

DRESSMAKING

Perfection in Fit, Fashion and Finish. Special attention to evening wear and mantle making.

MILLINERY

Closing out well assorted stock. Stylish work at greatly reduced prices.

J. & A. CARTER

372 Yonge St., Toronto

CONTINUATION

OF THE GREAT

MARK DOWN SALE

AT

McKeown & Company's

During the remainder of this month we will continue our Tremendous Mark Down Sale. Our summer stock must be disposed of prior to 1st August.

There are piles of goods here yet to be sold. Some of the greatest bargains of this sale will be found in our Dress Goods Department.

160 pieces of All-wool Serge, were 20c., for 12½c. yard.

75 pieces of Self Colored Stripes, were 25c., for 15c. yard.

125 pieces of Afghan Cloths, regular 30c. goods, offered at 20c. yard.

125 pieces of double fold Broche, worth 75c., to be cleared at 50c. yard.

A lot of fine All-wool French Combination Dresses, were sold at $6, will be cleared at $3.25.

Beautiful range of Combinations from $8 to $13, will be sold at $4.50 and $6 50.

The balance of our stock of French Delaines will be cleared at 35c.

In Black and Mourning Dress Goods we will offer 40 pieces Black Cashmere at 20c., good value for 30c.

45 pieces of All-wool Black Henriettas, worth 67½c., will be sold at 50c.

Silk Warp Henriettas clearing at 65c., 75c., $1, were $1, $1.25, $1.50.

Black Crape Cloths, Jersey Cloths, Black Alapacas in Plain and Figured, Black Nun's Veiling, etc. Full range of these goods at tremendous reductions.

Colored Japan Silk selling at 25c., worth 45c.

Colored Broche China Silk for 40c., worth 75c.

Black and Colored Royal Armure Silks for 50c. yard, good value for $1.

Samples mailed on request.

First-class dressmaking. Moderate charges.

McKeown & Company

182 Yonge Street

CHILDREN'S SUITS

We have received this week another large consignment of Children's, Boys' and Youths' Suits. Being fortunate in getting them very low by taking the entire lot (some 650 in all), we intend disposing of them as quickly as possible to get our money for them.

We offer the entire range in fine Tweeds, Worsteds and Serges at a reduction of from 25 to 35 per cent. off regular prices.

The Model Clothing Store

219 and 221 Yonge Street

Corner Shuter Street

HAMILTON MacCARTHY, R.C.A., Artist of the Col. Williams and Ryerson monuments. Ladies' and Children's Portraits. Studio 12 Lombard Street, Toronto.

Always Clear! Never Musty!

THE BEST DRINK

FOR HOT WEATHER IS

"MONTSERRAT"

Pure Lime-Fruit Juice

Nothing is better after any athletic exercise than a glass of "MONTSERRAT," either alone or with soda water.

The effect is peculiarly satisfying. It quenches thirst, leaving a grateful sense of cleanliness and freshness in the mouth, is very palatable, and perfectly pure and wholesome.

"MONTSERRAT" is sold everywhere in Imperial Quarts and Pints.

EVANS & SONS (Ltd.)

Montreal and Toronto

CORSETS MADE TO ORDER

Satisfaction Guaranteed.

Dress Cutting Taught

Magic Scale Agency

MISS CHUBB

406½ Yonge St., Just South of College

AMERICAN FAIR

334 Yonge Street, Toronto.

"Daisy Fly Killer," 19c., best and neatest and cheapest invention for ridding of flies, will last two years. Wire dish covers, five in set, 44c. per set; oval, of all sizes, from 10c. each up to largest, 49c. New arrivals of Glassware bring new attractions and things wanted at this season of the year. Silver-plated, screw top, Butter Jars, for travelers and picnics—2 oz., 7c.; 4 oz., 8c. Some fine goods in Tumblers, 4c. each or 38c. per doz.; Goblets, 5c. each or 6 for 25c. Some elegant Water and Tea Sets, all at most popular prices. The finest assortment of Rockingham Ware Tea Pots—10c., 12c., 15c., 18c. and 25c. each; Bowls 2c. each up, as to size. Baker's Cake Bowls, &c. Croquet Sets, 4 balls, 69c.; 6 balls 97c; 8 balls, $1.19—fine goods. Come and see us.

W. H. BENTLEY & CO.

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Signed .....

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If you wish copies mailed to your friends, send their addresses to us and 25c. each and we will send in a mailing tube post paid any number of copies you desire. A more pleasing evidence that your friends remain unforgotten could not be sent. It contains six full-page half-tone photo-engravings of Canadian scenery and incidents, specially painted for this number by the best Canadian artists; half a dozen half-pages, all original and beautiful, besides a score of copied pictures in the best style of the leading engravers of the United States and Canada.

Where Roads Meet—a story	By E. E. Sheppard
With Victor Hugo	By Louis Frechette
Only a Younger Son	By Seranus
Story of a Skull	By Alex. F. Pirie
Tangles	By Frances Burton Clare
A Sermonette on Guests	By Louise Markscheffel
The Funny Man's Garden	By P. McArthur
Why Smith Never Married	By D. A. McKellar
On a Summer Shore	By William Wilfred Campbell
Indian Summer	By Charles G. D. Roberts
Prairie Sonnets	By Nicholas Flood Davin
Cathedral Peak	By E. W. Sandys
The Idlers	By E. Pauline Johnson
Last Winter; This Summer	By Wm. McLennan
A Legend of the Mackinac	By Grace E. Denison
Crows	By Sophia M. Almon
Berrypicking Time	By Samuel Hunter

And other selections complete the contents of this finest holiday paper issued in Canada.

EXECUTOR'S SALE

CARPET STOCK

OF

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SWEEPING REDUCTIONS IN ALL LINES

WILTON AND AXMINSTER CARPETS reduced from $2.25 to $1.50 per yard.
BRUSSELS (to be sold with borders) reduced from $1.25 to 90c. per yard.
TAPESTRY AND WOOL CARPETS at a reduction of from 15 to 20 per cent.
CHENILLE AND LACE CURTAINS at a reduction of from 20 to 30 per cent.
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DECORATIONS—JAPANESE LEATHERS, FRENCH LEATHERS, ANAGLYPTA AND ALL HEAVY RELIEF HANGINGS

WINDOW SHADES IN ALL WIDTHS

4 KING STREET WEST, - TORONTO

One of Whistler's Gags.

At Mr. Oscar Wilde's wedding this telegram was handed in at the church door:

"From Whistler, Chelsea, to Oscar Wilde, St. James' Church, Sussex Gardens: 'Fear I may not be able to reach you in time for ceremony; don't wait.'"

They Come High.

First Sweet Girl—Just think! The Czar of Russia has a throne that cost $1,000.

Second Sweet Girl—Really! Why, that is not as much as papa paid for his seat in the House of Commons.

A Shame.

"Good by, husband! You'll take good care of yourself, won't you, till you come back!"

"I will, dear. I'm wearing that new shirt you made for me. I wouldn't be found with that shirt on my body, Maria, for a thousand worlds."—*Chicago Tribune.*

A Good Chance.

"Good-bye, old man, I may never see you again. I don't think I'll ever come back."

"What, never!"

"No, never."

"Then lend us a fiver, old man, will you?"

Captured by an Ideal.

One day a woman was dawdling about an artist's studio, studying effects here, fingering the rich tapestries there, and finding in the motley array of curios an endless source of entertainment, says the *Illustrated American*. At last, just as she was turning away, an old dusty etching caught her eye, and seizing eagerly upon a crumpled sheet of paper, she begged he would give it her to keep. The owner smiled indulgently, offered her an antique ivory, and declared she was too fine a visitor to leave his domain with such a pitiful souvenir. But so zealously did she protest, he was fain to let her have her way. The woman then hurried off to a shop, and, with many injunctions as to its mounting, ordered a broad pale-blue-and-silver frame for her picture. From that date on, the black-and-gray portrait hung between her bed and desk, and fifty times every day its owner glanced up at the coquettish countenance that bent above her. "I am studying her," the woman explained to those who commented on the prominence given this particular picture; "the instant I saw that face I recognized its power, and knew at once it was the model I have searched for all my life. She typifies the sorceress in our sex who gets everything that you and I agonize for, without so much as a breath of longing. The wooing of her red mouth, with its babyish smile, is mocked by the chill in her indolent, half-veiled eyes. She attracts and repels in every line and tint of her delicate, irresistible beauty; men adore her, and whether warm or cold, she draws them by the ineffable charm of her tender yet dangerous womanhood. Now, I thought possibly, if I lived where I could study her, I might in time wring the secret away and learn that subtle fascination. But I am growing discouraged. She still smothers a sneer behind dimples and long lashes, but her wonderful curves of throat and chin are all that is left for me to contemplate; the rest is veiled in an impenetrable mystery."

Bathing Suit Nonsense.

The preliminary indications of the annual outbreak of the bathing suit nonsense are just now brilliant and promising, says the *Argonaut*. A certain class of newspapers have reached a degree of anxiety over the feminine bathing suit, which successive seasons constantly increase. The most glowing and sensational descriptions, of what is termed the indecency of the suits worn on the prominent beaches, appear in these journals, and anybody who believed the descriptions would imagine that American women are given over to a reckless and reprehensible exhibit of their charms. In point of fact, no man, whose vision is not perverted, has ever succeeded in finding the extraordinary bathing suits which are regularly described by the sensational newspapers. Last year, one New York journal actually stated that a number of women went in bathing at Narragansett in a single garment of knitted worsted or silk, so that they looked exactly like the well-known statue of The Diver. This paragraph was afterwards copied everywhere throughout the country. To show how absurd are these stories, it is only necessary to glance at any of the engravings made from instantaneous photographs in the illustrated papers. The women's dresses are invariably long-skirted.

Nature's Economy.

Says an old Maine farmer: "A little warm weather is needed to make hay out of the grass; cut your grass now and t'won't weigh more'n fourteen hund'd to the ton."

The Best English Is Spoken in Ireland.

The Boston *Globe* says there is abundant evidence, historical and philological, to prove that that pronunciation of the English language known as "Irish brogue" is the best and purest English spoken.

A Queer Prescription.

"I had an unusual experience a few nights ago," said a celebrated doctor, "which illustrates how accurately the brain may sometimes carry on the activities of the day during the interval of sleep, although such unconscious action would not do to swear by.

"A few nights since, I watched all night at the bedside of a very distinguished patient. Early in the morning I lay down, telling the nurse to call me if such-such changes occurred. The changes came and she did call me.

"I rose, went to the bedside, examined the patient carefully, changed the medicine, and ordered a different treatment. Then I went back to bed.

"When I awoke again, and the nurse referred to the change in the night, I did not know what she meant. I had not the faintest recollection of having been called or of having prescribed anything else.

"I examined the patient; she was better. Then I turned to the remedies; they were just what the case required.

"I had carried on the proper course of reasoning, and had met every emergency of the case, and yet I was asleep all the while."

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The Cradle, the Altar and the Tomb

Births.

HAMILTON—At Toronto, on July 12, Mrs. R. M. Hamilton—a daughter.

INCE—At Toronto, on July 14, Mrs. William Ince, jr.—a son.

ACHESON—At Omaha, Nebraska, on June 27, Mrs. Arthur Acheson—a son.

FRAZEE—At Toronto, on July 12, Mrs. L. D. Frazee—a son.

LEWIS—At Scarboro' Junction, on July 11, Mrs. J. Lewis—a son.

ROSS—At Toronto, on July 11, Mrs. George Ross—a daughter.

HEWSON—At Oakville, on July 10, Mrs. W. R. Hewson—a son.

PAGE—At Toronto, on July 10, Mrs. W. Pemberton Page—a son.

WILSON—At Toronto, on July 8, Mrs. Charles Wilson—a son.

GILRAY—At Toronto, on July 6, Mrs. Alex. Gilray—a son.

FLETCHER—At Toronto, on July 6, Mrs. F. W. Fletcher—a daughter.

Marriages.

McNAUGHTON—HEWSON—At Cobourg, on July 15, David McNaughton to Charlotte E. Hewson.

WEBSTER—McINTOSH—At the residence of the bride's father, 74 St. Mary street, Toronto, on Tuesday, July 15, by the Rev. A. R. Barron, B.A., Thomas Shaw Webster, M.D., to Georgina Ross, fourth daughter of D. McIntosh, Esq.

ALLEN—FRALICK—At Toronto, on July 10, T. G. Allen, M.A., of Seaforth, to Nettie M. Fralick.

HAWKINS—REYNOLDS—At Collingwood, on July 8, Victor J. Hawkins of Prince Edward, to Jennie Reynolds of Collingwood.

STEVENSON—MARSH—At Clarksburg, on July 9, Rev. R. G. Stevenson, B.A., of Elkhorn, Manitoba, to Fannie Marsh.

BYFIELD—CHURCH—At Toronto, on July 14, E. Byfield to Christina Church.

BOYD—DENISON—At Alberta, on July 3, Henry Ormsby Boyd to Minnie Denison of Toronto.

MALCOLM—MARTIN—At Toronto, on July 9, Andrew Malcolm to Nettie Mart'n.

McGILL—GRAINGER—At Toronto, on July 15, William Robinson McGill to Fannie Eleanor Grainger.

Deaths.

MACKENZIE—At Fort Chimo, Labrador, on January 31, 1890, Keith Mackenzie, aged 47 years.

GRAHAM—At Toronto, on July 13, John Graham, aged 53 years.

CLARK—At Toronto, on July 14, Mrs. Isabella Clark, aged 61 years.

McGURN—At Toronto, on July 14, Edward McGurn, aged 26 years.

MASON—At Toronto, on July 14, Mrs. William Mason, aged 71 years.

CAMPBELL—At Toronto, on July 13, James Campbell, aged 80 years.

PLENDERLEITH—At Toronto, John Plenderleith, aged 79 years.

DUFFY—At Orangeville, on July 14, James E. Duffy, aged 44 years.

DENNING—At Toronto, on July 13, Frederick Denning, aged 60 years.

WALTON—At Little York, on July 14, Mrs. Elizabeth Walton, aged 77 years.

O'REILLY—At Kingston, on July 12, William Tiers O'Reilly, aged 55 years.

CROCKER—At Walla Walla, W. T., Herbert H. Crocker.

MUNSHAW—On July 15, Mrs. David S. Munshaw.

PINGLE—At Toronto, on July 15, Mrs. Anna Amelia Pingle, aged 79 years.

PHILLIPS—On July 10, infant daughter of H. C. and Ella Phillips, aged 8 months.

WINSLOW—At Cavan, on July 13, Mrs. M. A. Winslow, aged 84 years.

PATTON—At Fairbank, on July 6, Alexander Patton, aged 67 years.

GRIFFIN—Drowned at Bolton on July 16, William Griffin, aged 80 years, while endeavoring to save the life of his grandson, William John Griffin, aged 9 years, who was also drowned.

MACDONOUGH—At Toronto, on July 16, infant daughter of Henrie H. and Melle S. Macdonough, aged 5 months.

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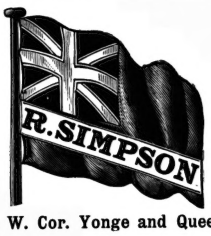

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